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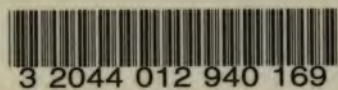
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BLANCHE DE RANZI,

OR, THE

BEAUTIFUL

TURKISH SLAVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

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BLANCHE DE RANZI.

CHAPTER I.

THE Marquis of B—— descended from an illustrious family, had married a lady of Rochefoucault, near relation to the great duke of that name. Their marriage was one of pure affection. They were young; they loved mutually, and dwelt together happily in undisturbed retirement. After the lapse of some years, three noble boys and two beautiful girls were the objects of their fondest care.

The eldest son, according to the custom of the time, as soon as he had attained his fourteenth year, entered the army of Louis the XIV; while the youngest chose the ecclesiastical profession, on account of his bad health. The elder sister pronounced her vows at Fonterrault and resigned herself to a life of devotion, while the younger, named Emily, alone remained at home, with her second brother Adolphe.

M. de B. had a friendly neighbor, the Count D'Artimont, a worthy and courageous man. In his early years, he had followed the sea, and obtained much distinction under the colors of the *Grand Monarque*. His son had also entered the navy and was, at the time our narrative commences, lieutenant of a ship-of-war. The Viscount, however, had naturally a bad heart, and he had been so much petted by his affectionate parents, that nearly all his good qualities had been eradicated. His voyage to the colonies, too, had given strength to his bad disposition. Every vice, which weak human nature is heir to, seemed to be concentrated in him; and what was still worse, he concealed them under the most fascinating and winning manners.

He was connected at Paris and Toulon with a band of perfect villains; he had mortgaged the lands of his father and lost all his money by gambling; he had also by a false marriage drawn into his net a young and beautiful girl, and then, by changing his name, had escaped.

The services of his father, in former times, and his own skill, which, in spite of his crimes, was great, had procured him the command of the frig-

ate 'Agreeable,' of eighteen guns, which had just been launched, and fitted out to drive away the Algerines from the French coast on the Mediterranean.

This monster resolved to take advantage of this opportunity, to escape the punishment, with which his crime threatened him, and pass over, with his vessel, to the service of these powerful enemies. Wishing to obtain a sum of money from his father for this purpose, he returned home.

The old man was delighted to see his son again, and called together all the neighbors to make his visit pleasant, and among them, the Marquis of B. and his son. Adolphe was loaded with caresses by the base Viscount, so that he burned with desire to set out with him against the corsairs. M. de B. gave his consent to his son's wishes, and promised to gain over his mother to the project.

The Viscount D'Artimont obtained the same agreement from the fathers of eleven other young men of the province, and they all had appointed to meet at his house, a few days after. Adolphe found even this time too long for his impatience, and burned to set out.

His mother learned his resolution with extreme grief, and employed both caresses and threats, to divert him from it. But Adolphe was inexorable; he pressed his mother in his arms, he wiped away her tears, and promised to return to her before long; but was resolute to set out with the Viscount. Madame de B. seeing her son was inflexible, attached to his wrist her miniature with a bracelet of her hair, hung on his neck a little box, containing some precious reliques, and slipped into his valise a purse, filled with louis; and Adolphe set out amid benedictions and tears.

As soon as the twelve young men were assembled, the Viscount lost no time in starting with them, after having received from his father most touching proofs of affection, and more than a year's revenue, which his farmers had advanced him for the purpose. D'Artimont, wishing to take away from his children, (for the oldest was not more than fourteen,) every cause for suspicion, treated them with the greatest generosity upon the road.

Every one was struck with the grace and good appearance of these young men; but Adolphe was distinguished above them all. His noble air; his large black eyes, full of fire and youth; his open forehead, shaded by raven black hair; his vermillion lips, where the smile of innocence was ever playing—everything was pleasing; everything was interesting.

As soon as they had arrived at Toulon, however, the manners of the Viscount towards the young men underwent an entire change. His tone became more and more overbearing every day, until at length, fearful of being thwarted in his plans, he sent them all on board the frigate, and had them put under arrest. Then it was that Adolphe regretted bitterly that he had not listened to the prayers of his mother; but now he saw it was too late, and consoling himself with his companions in misfortune, he soon forgot the whole horror of his situation.

CHAPTER II.

At length, the wind becoming favorable, the Viscount went on board and ordered the sailors to weigh anchor. Hardly had they lost sight of land, than they made out an Algerine vessel, coming down upon them in full sail. Adolphe was sad no longer; he prepared for the combat; he longed to spring on their deck, cutlass in hand, when the crew threw themselves on him and his companions, and dragged them into the hold of the vessel, in spite of all their efforts. A moment after, they heard the roar of a broadside, and then distinguished cries and a foreign tongue. Dead silence, a thousand times more frightful than the most horrid noise, suddenly succeeded. Adolphe called on the name of his mother and of his God, and swore to avenge the treason which put them in chains.

While he was thus cursing the Viscount, the barbarians entered, and without paying any attention to the complaints of the young men, loaded them with additional fetters, and left them at the bottom of the hold, without even telling them the fate of the frigate. Adolphe knew that the traitor D'Artimont had sold the vessel to the corsairs, and must have agreed to deliver her up to them, before leaving France.

As soon as the pirates had taken possession of the frigate; the crew was mustered, and D'Artimont was appointed lieutenant, and assumed the turban, while the prisoners were put on board the Algerine, to prevent all possibility of conspiracy.

In twelve days, they landed at Algiers, where Adolphe seemed to have reached the extremity of misfortune. As he was going ashore with his companions, he perceived D'Artimont, whom he did not at first know, on account of his Algerine dress. He upbraided him in the severest terms for his perfidy; but the latter only answered him with a sarcastic smile. Nothing could equal the anger of Adolphe, but pity soon took its place, when he saw the wretch stretched upon the ground, pierced through with a stiletto by the hand of one of his crew, whom he had insulted. Quicker than lightning, the man had stolen the murderous weapon from the very sheath

of Adolphe and plunged it into his bosom. The man was delivered up to justice by the corsair captain, and empaled the same day.

Our twelve young men, being handsome and interesting, were removed to the caravansary, where they were left apparently on parole. And after having remained here for some days, the corsair captain obtained permission from the Bey to present them to him; and having clothed them in beautiful garments, he led them with light silver chains to the feet of the Bey.

This prince received the corsair with kindness, bestowing on him all the cargo of the frigate, as well as the gold and silver, they might find in her, reserving for himself only the vessel and a choice from the twelve slaves. After having closely questioned all the twelve, by the aid of an interpreter, the preference was given to Adolphe, because he was nearer the age of his own son, to whom he was to be instructor in French, which began to be very extensively spoken, even in this part of the world.

The corsair was then ordered to remove the companions of Adolphe, and sell them for his own profit, while Adolphe was obliged to depart immediately for the castle of Tunis, many miles from Algiers, where the greatest care was to be bestowed on the young Frenchman, as the future companion of the prince.

In the evening, they arrived at the castle, and Adolphe was immediately presented to Effei Amette, the son of the Bey. He was a young prince of engaging manners, and a sensible mind. His features somewhat resembled those of Adolphe; his mother had been Italian, and the Bey had loved her with the warmest affection, which made her only son as dear to him, as his life. She had been dead two years, and all the subjects of the Bey mourned for her.

As Effei could speak Italian, by the education of his mother had given him, Adolphe found it quite easy to converse with him, and the prince appeared enchanted with the present his father had made him.

Soon Effei could not dispense with him. On the one hand, he learned with extreme facility all that was taught him, and on the other, the vanity of Adolphe could not help being flattered in finding himself a skillful master at thirteen years of age.

This superiority of knowledge seemed to alleviate, in a great degree, the miseries of slavery, and if the thought of his father's grief and mother's tears had not been present to his mind, he might have supported his fate with calmness; especially as nothing, which could be either useful or agreeable to him, was denied him. But his heart fondly dwelt on the scenes of his childhood, and more intensely perhaps, as no communication was allowed him with France. In vain he had attempted to write to his parents. His letters were all intercepted, and sent back to Effei Amette, who greatly reproached him for seeking to leave him.

‘What would you seek, Adolphe, in your own country? A father? Does not mine take his place? Brothers? Can they love you as much as

I? If you would marry, I will obtain the Bey's permission for you to espouse one of the virgins of my father's seraglio. Of what then do you complain? Are your duties disproportioned to your strength? Have you been obliged to renounce your religion? Is there any pleasure, which you do not share with me? Have I even taken a walk, when you were not with me? Adolphe, I conjure you by the portrait of your mother, do not leave me!

Adolphe was sensible of Effei's attachment to him, but he could not reconcile himself to his separation from his family. He recalled to his mind the tender farewell of his mother; he saw her bathed in tears; he heard her call on her Adolphe, and demand him of all nature; and he seemed to see her descend to the tomb in all the anguish of a broken heart. He could not reconcile himself to his present situation, though surrounded with pomp and magnificence.

One day Adolphe attempted to make his escape, during the heat of the chase. Effei Amette had watched the steps of his friend, and suddenly came upon him, pale and trembling, as he was winding round a rocky mountain.

'Whither are you going, unhappy Adolphe?' cried the prince. 'You fly from me; you abandon me; you do not consider the grief you would cause me. But,' added he in the accents of grief and despair, placing his dagger to his heart, 'if you persist in your endeavors to leave me, I will not die by slow degrees, from regret at your desertion, but you must pass over my bleeding body.' Adolphe affected by the burning expressions of Effei, descended immediately from his horse, fell at the feet of the prince, and swore never to leave him; and from this moment, in accordance with his oath, he renounced every thought of seeing France again, and owned no other country, than that of his friend. The prince treated him, as his equal, permitted him to eat at the same table with himself, and gave him apartments near his own, furnished in the European style.

CHAPTER III.

ADOLPHE had now attained his twentieth year and Amette was about eighteen, both of them handsome and amiable. The dark complexion of the prince seemed to give additional beauty to the regularity of his features; his form was perfect, and his voice was sweet and sonorous. Adolphe possessed the same advantages, but the European color imparted more liveliness to his expression. In short, we can compare them to nothing, but a fine morning and a beautiful evening.

The Bey came every year to Tunis, and brought with him a number of beautiful female slaves, in the hope, his son would make a choice. But up to the present time, no one had made any impression on the heart either of Effei or Adolphe. Wholly given up to friendship and search for knowledge, they despised those beauties, who would have afforded them only transient pleasure. But the moment which was to fix their destiny, had arrived.

An Algerine vessel had brought home, among other riches, an exceedingly beautiful slave, whom they had carried off from the coast of France. The captain immediately carried her before the Bey, having heard that a large reward had been offered to any one, who would bring before him a female sufficiently handsome to become the wife of his son. The Bey was so perfectly enchanted with her appearance, that he paid an enormous sum for her, feeling certain, that such a beautiful being, and particularly one of French birth, would be admired and loved by Effei Amette.

The Bey ordered her to be appareled in the most becoming manner, so as to show her beauty to the best advantage. Blanche appeared supremely beautiful. The whiteness and transparency of her complexion, which did not yield even to the lily, had given her this name. Her eyes of the color of Minerva's, added to the beauty of their form, a touching and spiritual expression. Her hair of a dark and glossy chestnut, her beautifully arched eye-brows, the most voluptuous and graceful form, her arm and hand and ankle, moulded in most exquisite proportions, sixteen years, and a heart that had never loved, made her a most enchanting being.

She had been stolen as she was walking on the sea-shore with some of her companions, the very day she had been betrothed to a rich and powerful nobleman, to whom her father had sacrificed her; for Saint Herme was

incapable of inspiring love. It was not, therefore, with the deepest grief, that Blanche saw herself snatched away from a country, where only misery seemed to be in store for her; and besides, being of a romantic disposition, she looked forward to the future with unmixed hope. When, therefore, she was told by the interpreter, that she was destined for the bride of the young, handsome, and amiable prince Effeï Amette, her heart bounded with joy. She allowed herself to be dressed and adorned by the slaves the Bey had given her, with the complete certainty, that his susceptible heart could not escape her fascinations. A female slave had apprised her of all the particulars in the life of Amette, and above all praised his tender friendship for Adolphe, who from a slave, had become the most intimate friend and confidant of the prince.

Blanche was much moved by Adolphe's history, and her feelings could not be indifferent for a young person of her own country and circumstances. And if ambition made her desirous of becoming the wife of the prince, another vague emotion, she hardly knew what, whispered a preference for Adolphe.

Filled with brilliant hopes, therefore, yet hardly knowing whether she should prefer the prince or her countryman, she arrived at the castle of Tunis, and was conducted to the seraglio, which was entirely deserted, while the Bey with whom she had come, went to the apartments of Effeï.

The latter saluted his son with manifest satisfaction. The idea, that he would be affected by the charms of the beautiful Blanche, gave him great pleasure, for he hoped, that at last, Amette would give him an heir. A splendid dinner was served up, during which he declared to Effeï his anxious wish, to see him choose a companion.

'I am old,' said he; 'you are my only son, and I wish, by associating you in the government, to strengthen myself against my brother. But before exposing you to danger, I wish you to have a successor, in the person of a son.'

'I am yet, my Lord, very young to take on myself the task of government; I need retirement, that I may acquire, more fully, the art of governing. And besides, among all the beauties that you have brought here every year, no one has engaged my heart.'

'Perhaps I shall meet with better success at present; indeed I have thought it unnecessary to embarrass your choice. A French girl as beautiful as the morning, and who appears as amiable as Adolphe, seems to unite every quality, which can interest and please.'

'A French girl,' said Adolphe, 'what is her name, my Lord?'

'Blanche de Ranzi; she is the daughter of a governor of a city on the coast of Provence.' Adolphe could not repress a sigh of pity.

'If she is worthy of comparison with my friend,' said the prince, 'and if I can please her, do not doubt, my Lord, that I shall resign myself to her without regret.'

This conversation was hardly finished, when the doors opened, and Blanche entered.

The two friends arose involuntarily and their eyes expressed admiration and love. Those of Blanche fell first on the prince, but by a magnetic attraction, they were immediately drawn to Adolphe, and that glance mingling with his, fixed their fate. The Bey, who was wholly occupied with his son, seeing that Blanche had made a deep impression on his heart, was elated with joy, when suddenly he saw him sit down again, and his eyes, which, but a moment before burned with all the fire of love, sink back into indifference.

'Well my son,' said he, 'is not Blanche ravishing?'

'She is handsome enough.'

'But is she not supremely beautiful?'

'Beauty,' replied Amette, 'is of little consequence.'

'She is spiritual, and learned as Adolphe.'

'All that is possible; but I think,' added Amette, 'that she can never be mine; order her, my Lord, to retire.'

Blanche and Adolphe, mutually affected, heard nothing, saw nothing, and were only recalled to themselves by the order to lead Blanche back to the seraglio. Adolphe then feared lest his friend might have perceived the impression, she had made upon him, and attempted, though too late, to put restraint on himself. Blanche retired, filled with sadness.

The next evening, after supper, while they were taking their sherbet, the Bey asked his son if he would not like to see Blanche.

'No, no,' cried the prince, 'I do not wish to see her,' and fell immediately into a profound reverie, as if he were occupied with some important thought. Then assuming a smiling countenance, he said,

'Will you give me this slave, my Lord?'

'For what else have I bought her? Believe me, at my age, one cares little for such bagatells, as love. Take Blanche, and be sure that the love, first sight has not inspired, the knowledge of her talents and the charms of her wit will beget.'

'Do you give her to me, then?'

'Yes, my son.'

'I accept her.'

What Adolphe suffered during this conversation, cannot be described. As soon as the Bey had retired, and the two friends were left alone, Effei threw himself into the arms of Adolphe.

'My friend,' said he, 'can I depend on you?'

'Why should you doubt it, my Lord? Have I not sacrificed everything to you? Have I not for your sake renounced family and country?'

'Well then,' said Effei, 'I wish you to tell me frankly what you think of Blanche.'

This sudden question startled him ; he was not prepared for it ; and for some minutes he had not the power to speak.

‘It would be impossible,’ said he at length, ‘to do justice to her charms.’

‘I do not ask this of you. Would Adolphe be happy if Blanche were his?’

‘I have often told you, my Lord, I should never dare to look on the woman, who is designed for you.’

‘You have heard what I have just said to my father ; that Blanche could never be for me.’

‘Ah ! if it were true, I cannot conceal from you, I should be the happiest of men.’

‘Take her then, Adolphe, from the hand of your friend.’

The chevalier threw himself at his feet and could find no expression strong enough to testify his gratitude. Effeï raised him up and pressed him to his heart. He immediately gave orders to admit Adolphe into the seraglio, and the happy lover, given up to the sweetest hope, flew to the feet of his mistress.

Blanche, in the meantime, shut up in the seraglio, looked forward to the future only with fear. She was pondering deeply on her misfortunes, when she heard a light step in the anti-chamber. She shuddered with the thought that it was Effeï Amette, coming to command her to yield to his desires. She wished to fly, to snatch herself from his sight ; she trembles at the opening of the door, and rises to escape from the prince, when she beholds Adolphe at her feet.

‘Ah, sir !’ cried she, ‘how have you dared——’

Adolphe, who now feared, lest he had been laboring under a delusion, begged for her pardon, for he had thought, that having been born under the same sky and nourished in the same land, she would see him, and that he wished to profit by the permission the prince had given him to entertain her.

‘What, has the prince consented——’

‘He has.’

‘Ah, sir, I cannot believe——,’ and then stopping short, lest Adolphe should penetrate the secret of her heart, she added in a grave tone. ‘I did not think, that the sad customs of this country would permit me to see a Frenchman. But do you know, sir, what my fate is to be, by the decision of the Bey?’

‘I know this, said he, that you can decide your own fate, for you are free.’

‘I free !’ replied Blanche sadly ‘can I return to my native country?’

‘Not to such an extent as this, I confess,’ said Adolphe blushing ; ‘you must establish yourself in this country, to be its ornament and pride.’

‘But, sir, how happens it, that you remain here? Have you renounced your native land?’

‘My heart,’ replied he, ‘has often reproached me, but I have been retained here by the kindness of the prince, and my word pledges me never to leave

him. A still greater token of his attachment binds me to him forever ; it is to him, Blanche, that I owe the inexpressible happiness of seeing you ; and if you are sensible to the homage of a heart, which until now has braved every feeling of love, I shall have nothing more to ask.'

Blanche listened with great interest to Adolphe, but when he had finished, and asked her to give him some answer to his ardent words, she said that she could not so quickly decide on a step, on which rested her whole future life, and besides, they both being christians, that they could not be united except by a priest of their own religion.

'Ah, Blanche, if that is all, you need, I am certain of happiness, for I know that Effeï will permit one of those worthy priests who come here to redeem christian slaves, to sanction our marriage.'

'I repeat, sir, that I cannot so quickly fetter myself for life.'

'Am I not permitted, then, to cherish any hope ? Must I leave you without receiving some mark of encouragement to soothe the torments that devour me ?

'In listening to you so long, have I not done more than I ought ?'

'Say then, at least, when I may see you again.'

'Since I am in your power, I have no right to refuse you admittance into the seraglio.'

'You alone, Blanche, command here. Do but name the day, the hour, when you will receive me.'

'To-morrow, at noon.'

'How long a time will that be ! But your will be done,' and rising he took her hand and imprinted on it a farewell kiss.

Adolphe, transported with joy, went to find Effeï, and hastily related to him, what had just happened between Blanche and himself. The prince listened to the recital with a great deal of coolness, which much astonished Adolphe.

'I take,' said Amette, but little interest in love, and I think, notwithstanding the desire of my father, that I can never sacrifice myself upon the altars of Hymen. But my friend,' added he with the tenderest expression, 'you shall be the husband of Blanche ; and your children shall be my children. I give you absolute power over this castle during my absence.'

'What, my Lord ! are you going to leave us ?'

'Only for a few days. I have requested my father to permit me to accompany him on his journey to Algiers, as he is about to review the army ; for it seems certain, that we shall soon be engaged in war with Zamolan Mahomed.'

'I hope,' said Adolphe, you will not do me the injustice to think, that I will languish amid the enervating delights of the seraglio, whilst my friend and master is exposed to the perils of war.'

'I intend, Adolphe, that you shall join us soon ; but you will have time to consummate your happiness, before we march against the enemy. The necessary preparations cannot be made before three months.' Saying this, he bid Adolphe good night and withdrew.

CHAPTER IV.

ADOLPHE was so enflamed with love for Blanche, that he did not reflect on the cause of the prince's resolution, and the ardour of his friendship yielded somewhat to this new passion. But he could not bid adieu to Effei Amette, without shedding tears! It seemed to him, that his happiness would not be complete, his friend not being witness of it. The prince perceived the emotion of Adolphe, and had difficulty in concealing his own, though Adolphe was far from penetrating the motive of it. The Bey confirmed the order of his son, and invested Adolphe with the authority of governor over the castle of Tunis, promising either to recall Effei to him, or to send Adolphe to the prince should war be declared.

No sooner had the bey set out on his return, than the chevalier de B. presented himself at the gates of the seraglio, which were opened to him.

Blanche who resisted the ardour of Adolphe, only that she might not seem to yield to the violence of her passion, consented at length to receive his hand and heart. Her lover, profiting by the unlimited power, which the bey had invested him with, sent to Tunis for a priest, who had lately arrived from France. This respectable minister visited this happy couple, who, rich from the generosity of Effei, gave him a considerable sum of money, for the redemption of captives, and charged him with letters to their parents in France, apprising them of their situation, though no thought of returning to their native country had even entered their minds.

Nothing could compare to the happiness of Blanche and Adolphe! but the latter, in spite of the charms of his wife felt that his friend had deserted him. For nearly ten years they had not been apart a single instant. They had not a thought, which did not belong to the other, their pleasures, their studies, all were in common; and now he felt the want of a friend, who might participate in his joys, and console him in the hour of misfortune.

Adolphe had often written to Effei, pressing him to return, or at least, give him permission to join him. But Effei, whom a deep grief was rapidly de-

vouring, answered the Chevalier de B. that as yet nothing had been decided on and that he might remain near the object of his love, until the war broke out, and that, as for himself, he could not possibly leave his father, at a time, when business was so pressing. The messenger who brought the last letter to Adolphe, told him that he would conceal no longer, that the health of the young prince was declining, that in spite of all his endeavors to dissimulate his sufferings, his slaves often found him almost lifeless with grief.

This melancholy news filled the heart of Adolphe with sadness, and though he did not imagine himself the cause of Effeï's grief, he was anxious to discover the state of a friend who was so dear to him. Without therefore mentioning it to Blanche he sent by the same messenger to the Bey, requesting permission to join Amette in camp. The Bey, who was anxious of his son's health hoping, that the presence of Adolphe would dissipate the clouds, which ever-shadowed him, sent an emir to take command of the castle, and urged Adolphe to hasten to the camp, as soon as possible. Blanche when her husband imparted to her the orders of the Bey, experienced the most violent grief, and made useless efforts to detain Adolphe, who in spite of his love, allowed his friendship for Effeï to obtain the mastery of his heart, and forced himself to separate from Blanche.

Having arrived at Algiers, he hastened to the tent of Amette, but what was his surprise and grief, when he saw him reduced almost to a skeleton, with eyes hollow and dull, the picture of despair! Adolphe threw himself into his arms, 'O my friend,' said he, is it possible that you have concealed from me the state in which I find you.' 'I have suffered much,' replied Effeï, 'but I am better, and shall soon be restored to health, since you will be with me.'

Adolphe regarded him with profound sadness, and sought to read in his eyes, the cause of the melancholy, which was consuming him. But Amette making an extraordinary effort, appeared so happy at seeing his friend again, that the latter deceived by these proofs of attachment, thought, that the extreme change which he saw in Effeï, was only the result of fatigue and labor, and begged him to be more moderate, and to throw on himself the larger part of his cares. Amette even spoke of Blanche and the grief which he must have experienced, in parting with Adolphe, while the latter, little suspecting, that he was plunging daggers into the heart of his friend, boasted to him of his happiness, the charms of Blanche, and hoped, that the son of the Bey might find a companion, who would render him as happy.

'No, my friend, never--never! in future I must live only for friendship,' and he appeared to be plunged in the most profound revery; then rallying himself suddenly, he entertained Adolphe with the greatest self-possession, in regard to his plans for the campaign. 'Since my friend,' added he, 'has rejoined me, nothing should defer our enterprise; to-morrow morning we will take the field.'

During the evening they went to take leave of the Bey, who could not re-

tain his tears at beholding the state of his son, the only object of all his hopes ; he recommended him to the care and friendship of Adolphe, and made a thousand vows to Heaven, if it would restore Amette to him in health, and victorious.

The next morning, before ' Aurora had sprinkled with rosy light the dewy morn,' they set out on their march. I shall not describe the different events of this bloody war, in which two brothers, armed one against the other, employed all that ruse and audacity could invent, to drive each other from the field. Every where Effie proved his valor and military skill, for victory followed his footsteps, and fortune was his companion. Always in the thickest of the fight, he seemed rather to seek death, than the glory of conquering. Adolphe did not leave his side for a single moment, and made his own body serve as a bulwark for his friend's defence, receiving the shafts hurled against the prince upon his shield or in his body.

' Why do you expose yourself,' said Amette, ' you are happy, thine it is to live !'

' Can I live without you ? but if you wish my lord, that I should not run such risks, do not seem to take pleasure in exposing yourself.'

Blanche, whom fame told of the dangers, to which glory and friendship exposed her dear Adolphe, experienced the most vivid alarms, and it was evident that the blow which should cut short the destinies of her husband, would be the signal for her death.

In the mean time, Zamalan-Mahomed, cornered on all sides, and seeing his soldiers daily desert his colors, to range themselves under those of their legitimate chief, sued for peace. Effie despatched a courier to his father, who would only grant a truce of three months, not so much for the purpose of making a reconciliation with his rebel brother, as to force Amette to take care of his health, which day by day became more critical.

The truce was signed, Zamalan retired with his troops into the desert and Effie conducted his army victorious under the walls of Tunis, whither an involuntary attraction led him. He wished once more before death, to see this abode, where he had passed so many happy days with his dear Adolphe ; a sentiment still more strong, rendered him desirous to enjoy one single moment of that happiness which he wished for, but not obtained, was conducting him to the gates of the tomb ; and certain, that nothing could save him now, he feared no longer to disclose a secret, which by his death could not disturb the happiness of his friend.

When Blanche heard the sound of the trumpets, her heart beat with joy, at the thought that she should again see her Adolphe ; and soon they were locked in each others arms, their souls buried in their chaste embraces.

Adolphe then led her to the apartment of Effie. When he saw Blanche, a sudden tremor took possession of him, and unable to support himself, he fell back on the sofa where he had been sitting, and a death-like paleness overspread his features.

'Good God!' cried Adolphe, what shall I do! How I tremble for the life of my friend! And pressing Amette to his bosom, he sought to reanimate him.

'I exist still,' said he, raising his weak and languishing eyes; 'I see you once more, my friend—I feel that I shall not enjoy the pleasure long.'

'Oh God!' said Blanche, can you speak such sad words to us? Is there no means of alleviating your sufferings?'

'They will end, my friends, they will end soon; I have seen you, I will die in your arms; what more can I desire?'

'No, you will not die,' said Blanche; 'the God of mercy and justice will not permit his most perfect image to disappear from this world. No, do not despair.'

'Ah, madame,' replied the prince sadly, 'it is not for you to desire me to live.'

This sentence shed a ray of light on the unhappy Adolphe. 'Ah Heaven! Can it be possible that you are sacrificing yourself to my unhappiness.'

'I can now confess it, for nothing can repair the evils which a terrible passion, though I fought against it with all my strength, has made me suffer. From the first moment that I saw Blanche I adored her, but perceiving immediately that she had made the same impression on you, I condemned myself to silence; I tore myself from these scenes, so dear to my youth. I thought that the tumult of the camp and the love of glory might extinguish the flame which the charms of Blanche had kindled; but every thing was powerless against a feeling which conquers our strongest resolutions. Like a tiger of the desert which, wounded by a poisoned dart, flies from the arm which struck him, without the power of escaping the death which he bears in his side, he runs, he scours across the burning sands, he frightens by his roars the timid gazelles, and still more terrible in his last moments, he drags into the dust every thing he meets, so did I seek in the *melee* of battle to avenge on my enemies the torments of my soul. Unrelieved by victory, I have seen in the cessation of hostilities only a prolongation of my own misery. Such my friend is the confession of my weakness.'

'Good God!' cried Adolphe, 'is it possible that I am the cause of the death of my friend?'

Blanche, overwhelmed with grief, retired slowly from the bed of the sufferer.

'Do not take from me, madame, the only pleasure that remains to me. I shall not enjoy it long, but let this terrible secret rest in profound silence. Let my father never penetrate it. I wish him to be ignorant of the cause of my death, and that you should console him for the loss of his son by supplying my place to him. Promise this to me, my dear Adolphe.'

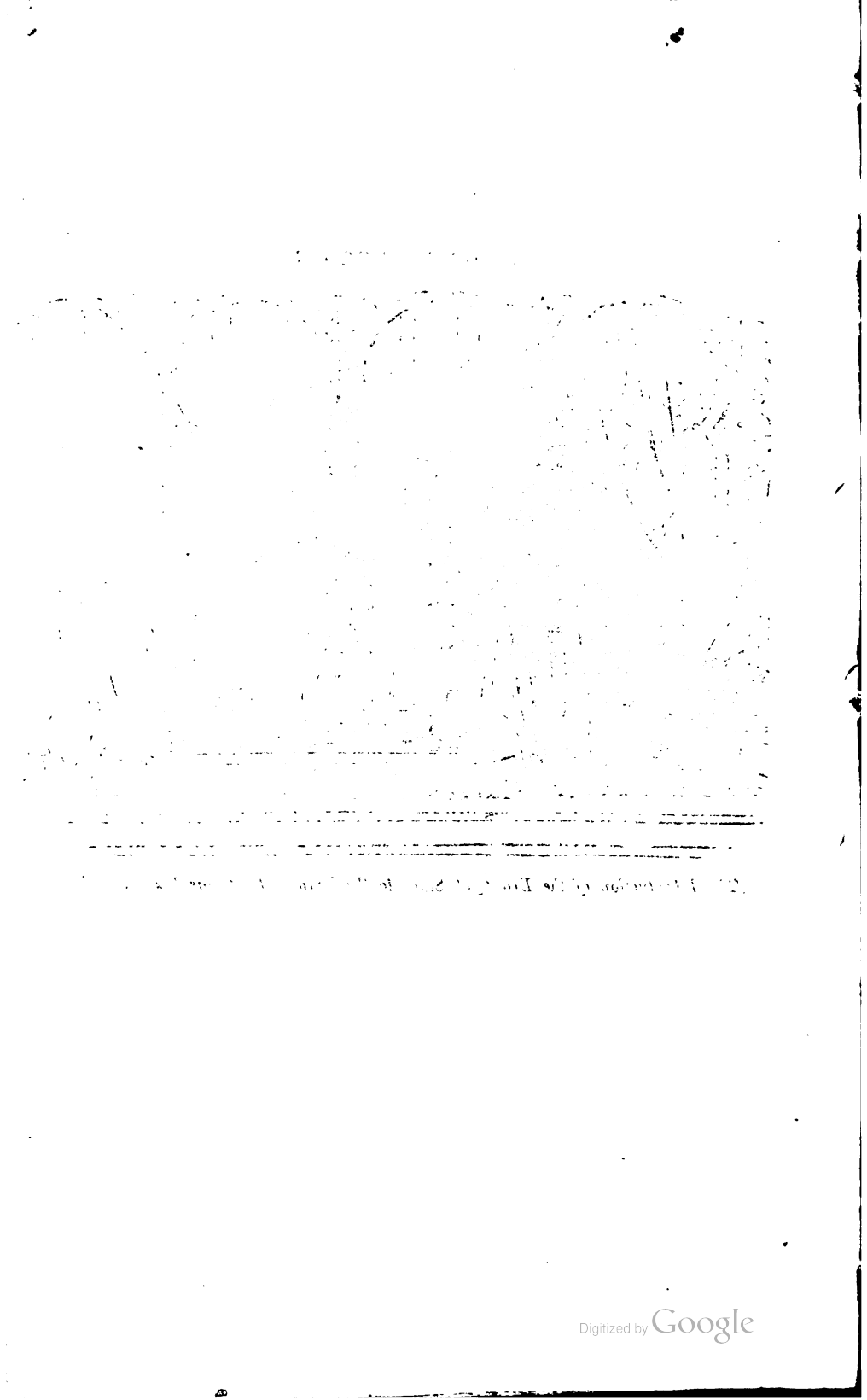
'Ah! what do you wish me to promise you, my lord, when my soul, plunged into an abyss of grief, cannot support the idea of surviving you.'

'Look at Blanche,' said Amette, 'and tell me if life, when it is to be pass-

APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.



The Introduction of the Beautiful Slave to the Prince Amette as his future Bride.



ed with her, is not worth preserving; at least do not take from me my dear Adolphe, by your despair the value of the frightful sacrifice, I have made to you: but I feel myself weakened, send a courier to inform my father of my situation. I do not wish to die without receiving his benediction.'

Adolphe, in despair, executed the orders of his friend, and the Bey, learning the danger of his son, set out upon his barbed steed and arrived many hours before the messenger. No words can paint his grief, when he saw the object of all his love, almost lifeless. He threw himself on his bed, folded him in his arms, desired to mingle his soul with his son's, accursing and invoking the prophet in turns.

Effei, calm and tranquil in the midst of grief and pain, endeavored to console and assure them, that death at an age, in which one preserves all his faculties, is infinitely less sad than when the weight of years bows one to the tomb. 'One must be capable of living, in order to know how to meet death, of what avail are a few years, which flow so rapidly, and which a thousand pains render so unhappy. I might have lived to mourn the death of a devoted father, or that of my dear friend; or the fate of arms which is so uncertain, might have rendered me a victim to the cruel and remorseless Mahomed. But now instead of realizing these probable evils, I die cherished by my father, leaving also a name to which some renown is attached: a faithful friend will fulfill my place as a solace and comforter to the author of my days.

O! my father love Adolphe, let him be your son and a prop to your declining years.' 'Must I then be seperated from my own son forever? Can I live when Effei is no more? Believe it not Heaven! would that Zamolan Mahomed should now execute his ferocious designs! no longer will I dispute with him a power which I only wished to preserve and maintain as an inheritance for you.'

‘Have I not given you a son in the person of Adolphe! love him, I conjure you: let the husband of Blanche be seated by your side; let him share with you the burden and the cares of government, and let his children be your successors: the children of Adolphe and Blanche would have been so dear to me—let me die assured that they will be yours.’ ‘I promise you,’ said the inconsolable old man, and taking Blanche and Adolphe by the hand.

'Yes you I adopt, yours it will be to reign over the Algerines, when my son, my dear son shall exist no more, for I feel that I shall not survive him.

CHAPTER V.

The great care, and the many attentions, bestowed upon Amette, particularly those of Blanche, seemed, for some time to suspend the decrees of Destiny. We pass easily from fear to hope, so that Effei continually comforted his friends by assuring them, that he would be restored to them.

As for himself he knew, that the blow was struck, that death was inevitable: yet out of regard for those who were so dear to him, he encouraged their vain illusions.

A month passed in the alternative of sickness and relief; youth, strength constitution struggled against a malady, which the continual presence of Blanche rendered every day more incurable.

Amette bore his sufferings with calmness and not being able to live for love, he experienced a kind of pleasure in dying by its blows. Every day he requested to be carried into his delightful gardens, where he might inhale the pure air, and enjoy the delicious perfume of thousands of aromatic shrubs. One evening he was reclining upon his divan, in a grove of orange and pomegranate trees, his head resting upon the bosom of his father, and hands joined in those of Blanche and his friend, he seemed abandoned to a sweet extasy:—'What pure air' said he 'how softly the zephyr caresses the verdure! never have the flowers exhaled a perfume more delicious, the birds salute the last rays of the setting sun and unite in the shade, to-morrow they will awake with the dawn, but I am going to sleep in the arms of friendship and of nature—O thou! father of all that exists hear my prayers: protect this virtuous couple, defend them against the plots of the wicked; and let them live to preserve my memory! And thou, my father! bless me and may our holy prophet reunite us in the kingdom of eternal felicity!' He stopped suddenly, heaving a light sigh and appeared to be fallen into a quiet sleep; but Blanche feeling his hand become so cold, uttered a shrill cry. The Bey pressed his lips against those of his unfortunate son; they answered not to this mark of tenderness; he calls him, but Amette is deaf to every human voice. Who could paint the despair of his father! He throws himself upon the ground and rends the air with his cries: terrible in his grief, no one dares approach him. Adolphe and Blanche endeavored in

vain to console the wretched old man, and having removed him from the sight of the body, took him into the palace, where after some time he became more calm but still was suffering the most doleful grief: his eyes fixed upon the ground seemed to see nothing, no noise could distract him from his sombre meditations, and no sound proceeded from him, except, occasionally the heaving of a profound sigh. Who would have dared to have spoken to him at this terrible moment? where were those who could afford some consolation to this soul overwhelmed with grief?

Adolphe and Blanche, knowing that by silence the soul receives from its Creator strength to support the heavy blows of fate, took great care not to disturb the father of their unfortunate friend. They only remained near him, Blanche, shedding tears for the loss of so noble a protector, and for the grief in which she saw Adolphe plunged. This one, his head resting upon his hands, seemed only to wish to live through duty: if he was free, if Blanche was not soon to become a mother how quickly would he follow to the tomb his devoted friend, who had been therein precipitated, solely on account of his attachment for him.

Many hours thus flew past, without changing in the least this melancholy state of things, and now the shades of night were adding their secret horror to the universal mourning in the castle of Tunis.

We are all well acquainted with the respect which the ancient Egyptians had for the dead, and we know that among them, the pomp and luxury of funerals were carried to great extremes. This veneration for the lifeless remains, had its origin in this belief, so consoling and sublime, that the soul separated for a time from its earthly envelop, at some future period would be reunited with it forever: therefore no labor, or care was spared to render the tombs imperishable. Thus the Africans preserved, even among the most barbarous of these people, a great attention to the repose of the dead and the nearer we approach the country of the Ptolemies the more magnificent are the obsequies. Those of Effeï Amette united to religious ceremony, military parade. The army, which was encamped near Tunis, no sooner was apprized of the death of its chief, than it made the air resound with its mournful sounds; all felt as though they had lost their father or their friends, and when they saw the body of this prince, their fondest delight, clothed in sombre funeral attire, when they perceived his unhappy father, who, not having resolution to separate himself from their precious remains, followed them even to the tomb, nothing was heard but sobs and groans; but when the body was laid in the sepulchre, and a stone covered this prince forever, the love and hope of the Algerines, the most solemn silence succeeded those loud accents of grief.

All of a sudden it was broken by the music of a warlike march. It was the ferocious Mahomed, who, knowing that his brother had just lost a son, profits by the moment, when the faithful warriors render to their chief their last duties, to break the truce and to take possession of the castle of Tunis,

together with the person of the Bey. Who could paint the fright and confusion, which an event so unforeseen, inspired. The soldiers are barely armed, their munition was left in the camp, and they doubt not that Zamolan will become their master—this thought is alone sufficient to congeal their blood, and it is in vain that Adolphe, overcoming the grief which oppresses him, endeavors to animate them against the enemy. It seemed as if an invisible power chained them to the ground, and immoveable as their chief whom they have lost, nothing could stir them from his tomb.

The Bey, whom numerous misfortunes distracted, wished to kill himself upon the body of his son. In vain Adolphe urged him to enter into the ramparts, to shelter himself from the fury of his brother; he hears him not. Already the soldiers, who were left as a guard to the Bey, fled through fear, and he was the last to pass the draw-bridge. The Moors, who composed the avant-garde of the army of Zamolan, were not more than a gun-shot distance from the walls, when one of them, perceiving the mourning habits of the prince shot at random and pierces the breast of this unfortunate father, at the moment when he was about to bestow a last fond look upon the tomb of his son. He is taken up almost without life, but recognizing Adolphe he said, 'To you I give my power—too happy I die to join in Heaven my dear son.' These were the last words of the miserable old man.

CHAPTER VI.

TUNIS was badly fortified, and the city was not at all provisioned to sustain a siege. Nevertheless Adolphe did all in his power to obtain, at least, an advantageous surrender, then to retire to Algiers, from whence he intended to embark, to return with Blanche to France, there being no attachments for them in a country where they had lost the friend of their hearts. Having but little time to spare, and acquainting Blanche with his designs, they assumed the dress of Arab merchants, and taking with them five hundred sequins and the precious stones, which the Bey had given Blanche, on her entrance into the seraglio, they traversed the city, and going out of the gate, which led to Mascard, escaped on account of their dress, the watch of the guards, who did not recognize Adolphe, thinking that he was making preparations for the defence of the place.

Scarcely had Adolphe and Blanche found themselves out of the city, than they perceived clearly the dangers which awaited them, but all would be preferable to slavery, rather would they suffer these anticipated evils, than return to Tunis, for the great beauty of the wife of Adolphe would necessarily expose him to the most cruel persecution on the part of the conqueror.

'O, my dear Blanche,' said Adolphe, 'how can you support the fatigues of so painful a journey? We cannot now gain the coasts of the Mediterranean, for the party of Mahomed is too powerful and we cannot hope to escape him without traversing a part of Africa.'

'I fear, my dear Adolphe, neither dangers nor fatigues since I am with you, to share your fate, whether good or bad is happiness for me.'

They then pursued their course, intending to walk by night and rest by day in some cavern or hut, in order that they might avoid being recognized by the soldiers of Zamolan. They had gone about five miles when the sun began to illuminate the horizon, and having arrived at an abandoned hut, they entered and making a breakfast on some fruit, which they had gathered prepared to refresh themselves by a long nap.

The sun was already declining, and the wind of the evening commenced

to moderate the intensity of the heat, when Adolphe awoke and perceiving his dear Blanche, who was still sleeping tranquilly, his heart was oppressed in thinking of the evils to which she was about to be exposed. It was then that the loss of Effei Amette presented itself to him in all its real greatness.

'Ah, if my friend had lived, never would Mahomed have dared to attack his brother in the very bosom of his estates, never would the Algerines have fled if my friend had been at their head. O death which plunges me into the last degree of misery. Was it not enough to suffer the pain of having lost the most tender of friends, without heaping upon my beloved Blanche all the evils and sufferings with which these burning climates menace us. We have gold and diamonds, but will they not be a new source of perils in exciting the rapacity of the natives, who are almost always given to plunder.

But we must endeavor, as soon as possible, to gain the coast; for, O Heaven, if my dear Blanche should become a mother, while we were wandering in the deserts, to which I shall direct my steps, what should I do? What God would protect her and her child?' While such thoughts as these occupied his mind, Blanche awoke, fresh as a rose of morning, the sweetest smile playing over her countenance. Perceiving the sadness of her husband, she asked what was the cause of his trouble?

'Are you not with your Blanche? If you love her, as well as she loves you, you will have nothing to regret.'

'I do not regret anything, my love. But can I, without alarm, see you exposed to so many fatigues and dangers in your present situation?'

'If you are alarmed on my account alone, I pray you be not sad. I am young, of robust health, I fear nothing; you must see, I shall cause you no trouble. But I have still five months, and it will be easy for us ere that time to gain Cape Verd, from whence we shall embark for Europe.'

Adolphe re-animated by the sweet confidence of Blanche, resumed the courage, which was necessary for his enterprise.

CHAPTER VII.

After having passed two days under shelters, such as nature afforded, they came in sight of Mascard. A thick wood, on the outskirts of the city, appearing to Adolphe a safe retreat for his companion, he left her there, recommending her not to leave the spot, where he led her, and advanced to the gates of the city to observe whether Zamolan had taken possession of it. But having seen that the troops of the Bey still guarded it, he ventured to approach, and was led by a sentinel to the Emir. He proved to be an officer in the army, which Adolphe had served in, and being immediately recognized by him, he conversed with him in the greatest confidence, and recounted to him all the events which had happened at Tunis. The Emir shed sincere tears, in memory of the prince and his father, and was convinced, after what Adolphe had told him, that Mahomed would hasten to seize on Mascard, and therefore advised Adolphe to take advantage of a caravan which was about returning to Nubia from that city, to escape the dangers which would in that case threaten him.

‘But,’ said Adolphe, ‘I intend to embark at Cape Verd.’

‘It will be easy for you to separate from the Nubians, when you shall have arrived near the Cape, and at least, you will have escaped from Zamolan, and avoided the terrors of the great desert.’

‘I have additional reason to perform this journey in safety, for I entrust to you under the seal of secrecy, that I bring with me my dear Blanche, whose virtues and charms you have so often heard celebrated.’

‘Where is she?’ said the Emir.

‘In the woods at the gate of the city; she has disguised herself in the dress of my sex; I beg you, therefore, to tell the leader of the caravan, that she is my brother.’

‘Depend on my discretion.’

‘And you, my Lord, on my gratitude.’

Then leaving the Emir, he went to the woods where he had left his wife. But what was his grief and surprise, when he did not find her in the place where he had left her. He called her with loud cries, and soon a sweet

voice answered him. Blanche had been frightened by the enormous serpent, which she heard hiss close by her side. Adolphe conducted her to Maseard, where the Emir received her with the most cordial friendship. Fearing every moment, that Mahomed would send a party to take possession of the city, Adolphe made his arrangements to start with the caravan the next morning, at break of day. The Emir employed the whole time, which remained before starting, in getting ready everything which his experience told him they would need. He procured then a camel to carry their baggage, and two horses for themselves. He recommended them, by all means, not to expose the whole of their fortune to the cupidity of the savages, and to procure a sum of *Zimpos*, the money of the country, which are nothing but little shells, found in the Indian Ocean, for they would find them more serviceable than silver. It was important to preserve their treasure with care, and to effect this, they made two girdles, in which they put their whole wealth. The evening passed in giving each other assurances of friendship, and mutual wishes, that they might escape the dangers, which threatened the Emir and still more Adolphe and his companions. They were about to retire, to take some repose, when they heard the sound of trumpets, which announced the arrival of Zamolan.

The Emir perceived the extent of the peril, which Adolphe would run, if he remained within the walls of Maseard, and going immediately to the house of the Mausotufa, or chief of the caravan, told him succinctly the revolution of Tunis and the critical situation of Adolphe.

'Can you doubt,' added he, 'that it will be useless for me to resist the power of Zamolan? It is certain, then, that he will be master of this city, as soon as he shall summon me to surrender, and I do not know what will be his treatment of the strangers, he will find here. He is a cruel and avaricious prince; he may perhaps seize the wealth of your caravan and make you all slaves. I advise you to set out immediately and reach, as soon as possible the defiles of the mountains, in order to gain the Biledulgerid, before he shall be in pursuit of you.'

The chief of the caravan, frightened by these words, which were partly true, did not lose a moment in setting out from Maseard. They began their journey on the 16th of June at midnight.

The caravan had gone hardly two miles, when they heard the rattle of musketry, which announced the entrance of Zamolan's lieutenant into the city. The Mausotufa pressed on with redoubled vigor, hardly stopping to water their camels, and arrived after a journey of twenty hours in the Biledulgerid, where fearing no longer pursuit, the caravan stopped in a village in which they passed the night.

After having spent a considerable time in this village, which Adolphe employed in studying the strange manners of these people, the caravan again set out, and arrived at Midroc, though not without having experienced

much difficulty in travelling over roads, which the recent rains had washed away.

Blanche supported the fatigues of their travels with a courage far superior to that of her sex. The zig-zag course which they were obliged to take, in order to avoid the mountains, or hordes so savage, that it would have been dangerous to stay among them, had very much lengthened their journey, and they had not yet arrived to the kingdom of Nitokha, when three months had elapsed, and not more than two remained, before Blanche was to become a mother. Adolphe was extremely anxious, and hardly dared to look on his companion; but he felt, that they must decide on some course or other, for there was no possibility, that they could reach the European establishments, before his wife would be confined. As the caravan was to make a considerable stay at Silla, it was necessary for him to decide, either to continue his journey from the place with his companions, or, to leave them; and perceiving how difficult it would be to conceal from them the sex of Blanche, he resolved, after he had arrived at that city, to leave the caravan.

Adolphe kept for his service a young Moor, whom his mother, a Portuguese woman, had educated in the Christian religion. This man had made many journeys in Africa, and knew all its different kingdoms; he recommended that of Haoussa, as the most beautiful and fertile part of Africa.

Adolphe could not conceive how Zaor could find means to conceal Blanche, for a sufficiently long time to give birth to her child and nourish it, but the Moor, who had a perfect knowledge of the manners of the country, was very confident, that he would be able to do so. No people are so superstitious as the Africans; they carry the doctrine of fatalism to the extreme point; all events, according to them, have been written from all eternity, or are the punishments of the prophet. The sick are regarded as criminals whom God punishes for their sins, and are abandoned by their relations with an inhumanity, which has no parallel.

Zaor founded on this barbarous custom the story which he intended to recount to the king of Haoussa.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Zaor had left Blanche and Adolphe in a hut near the city, he entered Haoussa, where the king resided, and told him, that he was in the service of an Arab prince who was travelling with his brother; that the latter, having incurred the displeasure of the prophet for some sins, that his brother was ignorant of had fallen sick; that the prince, who loved him dearly, could not persuade himself to leave him; and therefore asked of him a piece of land, where he might construct a hut for the sick man. Adolphe, that his request might meet a more favorable reception, had charged him to give to the king a valuable watch, which the Bey had presented to Blanche. This present had a wonderful effect on the king, who immediately gave him full liberty to establish his master in the environs of the city, granting to them a rich piece of land, full of fruit trees.

Elated with the success of his negotiation, he hastened back to Adolphe, and then immediately set out to build some huts in the grove and surround them with palisades, in order to secure themselves from the wild beasts. He bought some goats and maize, and having ammunition, hunting and even fishing could add to their good cheer. The grove was watered by a little stream of running water, where might be found plenty of fish, and tortoise eggs. When all was ready, he went to his master, and conducted them in the evening into their safe and beautiful retreat, where love and nature made Blanche more happy, than she had ever been in the most sumptuous palace. Adolphe cut in the woods, paths, where Blanche might walk during the heat of the day, without inconvenience. The little rocks, scattered in the bed of the brook, formed cascades, whose murmur invited repose. Melons, and vegetables of every sort filled their little garden, which Zaor preserved in perfect order. The goats gave excellent milk, and fed in the woods together with the camel and the horses. Adolphe and Blanche, astonished to find themselves so happy in a country where they had expected to see only deserts, constantly praised the dispenser of all good, for having led them to such a paradise as this.

After they had lived here about two months, Blanche gave birth to a son, whom they named Louis Amette, in honor of the generous friend, who sacrificed his life, that they might be happy.

More than a year had flown away, and Blanche and Adolphe, blessed with mutual love, rich in the abundance, which nature lavished around them with an open hand, and proud of their little son, were contented and happy. Louis, who had cut nearly all his teeth, and could now eat fruits and tortoise eggs, was full of health and strength. Zaor, who became every day more attached to them, (for he loved Louis, as his own son,) divided his attentions, between his master and the king, to whom he constantly gave new pleasure, by his skill in making articles of furniture for his palace. The king was so enchanted, that he did not perceive that eighteen months had passed, since Zaor had been in his kingdom, and did not reflect, that the pretended brother of the Arab prince, must be dead or else recovered. Zaor avoided with care everything, which could recall to the king the existence of Adolphe.

One day, when the king was engaged in the chase, he perceived the Chevalier de B. returning to his retreat with Zaor, carrying a gazelle, which he had killed. The first movement of the king was to follow him, but recollecting, that the brother of the prince was sick, he went away. The next day, Zaor was closely questioned by the king, in relation to his master. The king little satisfied with his answers, resolved to make himself sure what these strangers were; and not to alarm Zaor, he pretended to be content with the account he had given of his master.

Zaor, on his return to the hut, told Adolphe all that had passed between himself and the king, and being alarmed on account of some words, which had escaped from the monarch, he thought it would be prudent to dispose of everything for their departure. Blanche, who regarded only the present, treated these fears as chimeras, and said, that it would be extreme folly to expose themselves to certain dangers, on account of imaginary ones, and since the king of Haoussa had suffered them to remain for eighteen months tranquil possessors of this hut, he would not drive them out of it now. Adolphe, whom love rendered weak, did not insist, and took no precaution, except to bury his gold, precious stones and the portrait of his mother.

Two days elapsed without giving rise to anything to justify the alarms of Zaor. One evening, Blanche seated in the shade of a tamarind tree, holding in her lap the little Louis, was partaking of a repast with Adolphe, when suddenly they heard repeated blows of a hatchet, which seemed to beat down the palisade. Adolphe seized his gun which was near him, and Zaor ran to seek his in the hut. Blanche trembling for her son pressed him against her bosom. The noise ceases, and the king is seen to enter, followed by fifty soldiers. Adolphe, fearing only the misfortune of being deprived of Blanche, cried out to them in the Arabic tongue, not to advance, thus holding the monarch at bay. This audacious proceeding made Zaor tremble; he throws himself at the feet of the king, and demands pardon.

'There is more,' replied the king, 'for such, as abuse my confidence; this is the sick brother. I charge myself with his cure.'

These words, which would have made Blanche shudder, had she heard them, were not by her understood, nor by her husband, who stood protecting her with his body, and threatening to fire upon the first that dared to approach, not considering the number, but taking counsel only from his courage.

The king commands Zaor and his accomplice to be arrested, the latter of whom delivers himself up without defence and entreats his master to surrender. 'Sooner die,' cried he with fury, and at the moment, when he was about to fire, he is seized from behind, and his gun broken into pieces. He cares little for his own liberty, but it is terrible for him to see Blanche carried off by the soldiers of Haoussa; he hears her cries, mingled with those of his son, and in spite of the cords, with which he is tied, he makes the most violent efforts to fly to their aid, but his endeavors are useless and soon they disappear from his sight. All that fury, despair, and rage could invent, Adolphe addressed to his guards, who with coolness, laughed at his torments and dragged him, as well as Zaor, into two separate huts, the doors of which they fastened with ropes, leaving in front of them four sentinels.

Adolphe, laying upon a hard mat, his legs and arms fettered, shut up in this infected hole, where neither aid, nor light could penetrate, strikes his head against the ground, and invokes all the powers of heaven and hell, and abandoned himself to the most frightful despair.

Zaor who knew the character of the king to be just and beneficent, flattered himself, that they would all escape from the evils, which now appeared to menace them. He hoped, that if the king should interrogate him, he would be able to move the monarch in favor of Blanche and Adolphe. One thing alone disturbed him, it was, that the king did not treat Blanche, as guilty; that she was not loaded with chains, but merely carried off; should he become enamoured of her; then there would no longer be any means of safety for his master.

Let us follow Blanche into the castle, where the king had ordered her to be conducted; her grief, the disorder of her dress, and her dishevelled hair added still more to her beauty and charms, and in spite of the extreme simplicity of her garments, she appeared even more adorned than the queen. Not knowing the fate of Adolphe, Blanche suffered mortal anguish, besides how could she make herself understood; happily for her she had learnt a little of the Arabic tongue during her sojourn at Tunis, which language the queen herself spoke. Blanche then related to this princess all her misfortunes and asked her, what the king would do with her and her son.

'I know not,' answered the queen, 'but I think that he has fallen in love with you, and that you will be numbered in his seraglio, which, I assure you, afflicts me, as much as it does you.'

'Oh Heaven!' cried Blanche, 'save me from this evil. I love Adolphe, he only is my husband, and I will die rather than be unfaithful.'

'You would not be unfaithful, for the king will cause your husband to

lie before marrying you, because he is just and fears the gods. But if, instead of having told him that you were a man, you had told him that you were a woman and married, he would have given you an asylum, and not interfered with your amours; for he holds adultery in horror, but at the same time punishes the lie with death.'

'You make me shudder and my blood to freeze; but could you not, dear madam, intercede for Adolphe and for my restoration to him?'

'I never present myself before the king, except when commanded. Here the women do not live in the society of the men, and your Adolphe might be delivered up to punishment, and you conducted to the altar to espouse the king, before I would know it or have an opportunity to speak a single word.'

'Oh Heaven! who then will protect me? and she shed a torrent of tears. In vain the women sought to console her and to make her take some nourishment, but throwing herself, together with her child, upon the bed, she passed the night in the most awful suspense and grief.

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY in the morning, the king came to the quarters of the women and demanded Blanche. 'Fear not,' said he to her, through an interpreter, 'I wise you no harm. You are more beautiful than the most beautiful of women. The sun in its zenith sends forth rays less brilliant than those of your eyes; your hair is like silk, your teeth resemble pearls, and your complexion is whiter than snow. What is your native country? Happy a thousand times are your parents, for you shall be the wife of the great king of Haoussa, who commands twenty thousand men, and governs one of the most beautiful and fertile kingdoms of Africa.'

'Sire,' replied Blanche, throwing herself at his feet, 'you fear the gods, and you are just as you are powerful; you hold adultery in horror, and, surely, sire, you would not wish to give to your subjects an example of a crime, which you would so severely punish. The great king of Haoussa will give to Africa an example of moderation and equity, in restoring to a stranger, who has come to seek an asylum, his wife and his child. But if you are sufficiently cruel to deliver up Adolphe to death, know, sire, that you will derive no pleasure, for his death will be followed by mine.'

The king, astonished at the liberty with which a woman dared to speak to him, became at first very angry, but when he saw Blanche raising to Heaven her beautiful eyes filled with tears, and stretching towards him her

arms, the perfection of which charmed him, he felt the anger of his heart extinguished, and he retired without speaking a single word.

Blanche, remaining in the same place where she had thrown herself at the feet of the king, addressed to the Creator and Governor of all men, this prayer—'O thou, who holdest in thy hand the heart of the king and the beggar, hear my vows! In this strange land, where thou only art my support, see this innocent creature, who will remain without guide, if I succumb to the misfortune which now menaces us, he will be delivered to those who are ignorant of thy law. Preserve my Adolphe, that I may live and instruct my son in the religion of his forefathers; inspire in the heart of the tyrant who oppresses us, sufficient generosity that he may restore us to liberty; and having returned to our own country, we will celebrate thy marvellous works, and we will teach to our children's children, that without other assistance than thy kindness and mercy, we escaped from this evil.'

Prayer fortifies and consoles the soul; in approaching the Divinity, it is raised above those worldly evils, which afflict mankind. Blanche, confident that all is possible to him, whom she had addressed, doubted not that she would be succored, since she only demanded what was just, thus after having offered up her prayers to her Creator, she became more calm and awaited with resignation the issue of her evils, however it might please God to decide, for it is in vain that men think only to follow their own passions, they are all subject to the immutable order which God has ordained from all eternity.

A ray of his eternal justice was inspired in the heart of the king, who arrested and subdued the criminal passion which the beauty of Madame de B. had kindled; reflecting at the same time that he would not soil the glory of his reign in violating the rules of hospitality, in the person of Adolphe commanded Zaor to be brought before him, and interrogated him in these words.

'Why have you deceived me by saying that this lovely lady was the Brother of an Arab prince?'

'Because I promised him under oath not to betray his secret.'

'What reason obliged him to conceal the sex of his companion?'

'Her rare and unparalleled beauty.'

'Do you not know that I respect the Hymeneal knot and that I never permit myself to try the virtue of the wives of any of my subjects, although I render only unto the Gods, account of my actions?'

'I know it my lord! but such virtue sits so seldom upon a throne, that I have not been able to inspire in my master the confidence, which I myself have in yours. And consider my lord (pardon my audacity,) with how much justice he feared the impression, which the charms of Blanche would have upon you, for ever since the first time that you saw her, you have confined her in the quarter of your women, and deprived her of liberty without instructing her as to her fate. Yet what is her crime! During the eighteen

months that these strangers have been in your empire have they committed the slightest fault! Have they troubled the order or transgressed any of the laws of your kingdom! you gave them a field, which has been rendered fertile, and with the surplus of their fruits they have nourished some old men and children. Possessors of different objects of curiosity, they have rendered you homage, and as a reward for these peaceable virtues, Adolphe is treated like a criminal, and his wife and son taken from him. Ah! my lord, for your own glory, restore to them their liberty, I conjure you to do this by all you hold most sacred.'

The king preserved silence, and his breast seemed to be torn by contending emotions. To renounce Blanche and restore her to her husband appeared a sacrifice above his courage, but to lose the reputation for wisdom, which he had acquired in all the neighboring states seemed unworthy of him. He hesitates: pity and anger, successively rule his heart. At length he yields and orders the husband of Blanche to be brought before him.

CHAPTER X.

THE unfortunate Adolphe, finding that no one came near his prison, was persuaded that he was left there to perish, and endeavored by his prayers to hasten the end of an existence, which had now become insupportable in being deprived of his wife, from whom, as he thought, the king had separated him forever. At length he hears some one open the door of his cell, but buried in grief, he inquires not, whether he wishes his life or his death. Four soldiers make signal to him to follow them, and having unbanded him he is conducted to the king.

'What have you done with Blanche,' said he to him, as soon as he perceived the monarch? 'What right have you to take her from me?'

'How dare you assume such an audacious tone?' replied the king. 'After having deceived me, do you thus demand an account of my actions? I who have received my power from the Gods.'

'The Gods in giving you power, gave you not permission to abuse it; they hate adultery.'

'They detest falsehood.'

'Necessity compelled me to make use of it, in order that Blanche might be preserved from the unbridled passions of men, who know no law but their desires.'

'Who has told you that I regard not the marriage ties? and learn, that those, whom you designate savages, are perhaps, more loyal than you, whom I wish still to believe Arabic, although it would be easy to prove that you

are met. But I love Zaor; he has done me much service, and his presents are among my most valuable; thus I forget all subject of complaint against you, and restore you your wife and child; but depart immediately and let me not find you in this city. I also punish Zaor to accompany you even to the frontiers.

Adolphe moved by the generosity of the monarch, wished to leave with him some pledge of his gratitude.

'You are under no obligation to me; it is only for my own sake that I behave thus, and if I had been able to make my passion for Blanche, accord with my respect for the Gods, I would have sacrificed you, rather than have returned her to you.'

It is thus that the virtue of these men, hardly civilized, presumes a sort of frivolity or as we would say, a hard endeavor to chase the devil around the stump.

When Blanche perceived Adolphe, she ran to throw herself in his arms.

'Is it true my dearest friend that you are restored to me? Heaven then has heard my prayer.'

This moment effaced all the cruel griefs, which they had suffered. They left the castle and returned to the hut, where they found everything as they had left it. Adolphe dug up his gold and precious stones, and loaded the camel with all that they possessed, adding some food and water. Blanche reassuming the dress of a man, mounted her horse, Adolphe his, and Zaor the camel carrying little Louis in his arms. Thus they left, not without regret, an asylum where they had been so happy.

Having taken a guide they went to the village Kongoa, where at first the inhabitants refused them admission, thinking them to be slave stealers, but seeing with them one of Haoussa's men, as a guide, who assured them that they were Arab travellers, and that the king had permitted them to dwell eighteen months at the capital, they received them hospitably and offered to Adolphe a little hut, where there were several goats.

A young girl brought them a little milk and some maize, the most of which they gave to the little Louis, while his parents and Zaor supped on the provisions they had brought. The greatest difficulty they experienced, was in finding water and forage for the horses, and the camel, who lay down in the hut with their master. Blanche began to find a great difference in this bad fare from what she had hitherto experienced; and when she reflected how many nights they must pass in this manner, before they could reach Cape Verd, she was overwhelmed with a feeling of fear, which she could hardly dissimulate. It was not so much for herself, that she dreaded these dangers and fatigues, as for her son. Overwhelmed with these sad thoughts, she sank to sleep.

Adolphe, being the first to rise in the morning, wished to go out and was astonished to find the door closed on the outside. He called Zaor and asked him, what he thought of this proceeding. 'It is the custom,' said he,

'among these people, who in this way make sure of the strangers, to whom they give hospitality; they will soon come to open the doors, at the time of opening to their goats'. A few moments after they accordingly did come to seek these animals, to drive them to pasture; but when Adolphe and Zaor started to go out, the goatherds did not give them time, but hastily shut the door in their face. Blanche and Louis awoke at the noise that Zaor and Adolphe made in endeavoring to break it down.

'Are we prisoners?' said she; it will be useless to deceive us. I look with horror on the fate that awaits us.'

'You do not know as well as I do,' said the Moor, 'the customs of these people; they regard white men as curious animals, and are keeping you as a sight. I should not be astonished, if all the tribe should collect around this hut and open the door, when they may all enjoy the pleasure of seeing you.'

'God grant it may be so,' said Blanche! 'But I have not much hope; who can tell, at what point their cruelty will stop?'

'I assure you, madam, that for the many years I have travelled in this country, I have found in these people less ferocity than is commonly thought. Those who accuse some tribes of being man-eaters, are much mistaken; far from being cannibals, they cannot even inflict death in cold blood. I repeat, I do not think we have anything to fear at present.'

Blanche was far from being encouraged—by the words of Zaor, and Adolphe was silent. The latter had determined to make every attempt in his power to get out of the hut, and he had already broken down one of the posts, which sustained this frail building, when they opened the door. What was the terror of Blanche, when she saw more than a hundred men, besides women and children, surrounding the door. Zaor, who understood their language, went out first and demanded what they wanted.

'To see the handsome whites, and receive presents,' said they.

'If that is all you wish, my friends, nothing is easier.'

Adolphe and Blanche went out of the hut, leading their child by the hand. Instantly the whole tribe set up a shout of joy, and cried, 'The handsome whites! the handsome whites!' The Jamhaty, or chief of the tribe, demanded presents of Zaor; they gave him a purse filled with *Zimpos*; a knife, a little mirror, and two strings of pearls. The Jamhaty was very much pleased with the generosity of the companions of Zaor, and caused milk and fruit to be brought in return, and also enough water for themselves, their camel and horses. Zaor, having asked where this place was situated, the Jamhaty told him, it was near the banks of the Gamboura, which is the same as the Niger. They then asked for a guide to conduct them to the kingdom of Bahara, which they knew could not be far off, which the chief agreed to for a sum of money. Blanche delighted to get away from a village where she had suffered such a fright, mounted her horse with Adolphe;

and the little Louis took his place on the camel with the good Zaor. They filled their sacks with water, and according to Iamhaty's advice, took breakfast before they set out, as they would find but little food on their journey.

CHAPTER XI.

The guide did not accompany them but one day, during which they found not a single village, and when they were dismounting to find some shelter to pass the night in, they saw him running away as fast as his legs could carry him. All the prayers of Zaor could not induce him to remain, and the unfortunate travellers knew not to what they could attribute his desertion, except to his dread of going with them into the desert where, he knew there were no fountains.

They sought in vain some cave, which might afford them shelter, and were obliged to pass the night in the open air. Blanche after feeding the little Louis, laid him down on a bed of moss and leaves. Zaor heaping up dry logs, made a large fire and they laid down beside it. The roaring of the lion the howls of the wild dogs prevented sleep from approaching their eyes. At length, the weary night gave place to day, and the travellers again set out, though not without much embarrassment as to what their course should be, for Adolphe had no compass, and the stars could no longer guide them. An immense desert where there was not a single habitation, presented a frightful solitude.

Adolphe endeavored to steer his course about south, with the help which the sun afforded him at its rising. But no resource remained to him for relieving his horse who, exhausted by hunger and thirst, could not advance any farther, while the water in the sacks diminished sensibly. They had travelled only two days, and they expected to travel six, before reaching Bakara.

In the evening, they found a wood, where they rested, in the hope of finding water in the morning, from the appearance of the vegetation. They accordingly lit a fire to keep off the wild beasts. Louis was the only one, who drank a drop of water, Adolphe pressed her to divide it with her child, but she steadily refused.

'I am better able, said she, to endure thirst than he is, and I should suffer not less in witnessing his sufferings than by my own.' The night was sad indeed; the cries of the horses, who called in vain to their master to relieve them, the certainty, that these animals could not long support the privations they experienced, filled the heart of Adolphe, who saw the consequences of their death, with fear and sadness.

Day wrought no change in their situation. In vain they sought the water so much desired. They undertook to mount their horses, but their horses could not rise but turning towards their master with looks full of sadness,

left him no hope of snatching them from death. Having no assistance to give them, they removed from this sad spectacle. Zaor yielded the carrier to Blanche, who held her son in her arms, while Adolphe and Zaor followed. The sand, heated by the rays of the sun burned their feet. Without the fruit which they met with from time to time; they could not have resisted the hunger which devoured them. The road was extremely difficult; already the feet of Adolphe were wet with blood.

They had travelled six days, without finding a drop of water, and nothing could be compared to the toil which they endured. Their tongues, dry and black, adhered to the roofs of their mouths and their breath was hot as fire.

Adolphe was in despair, for he saw the object of his love, fast sinking under pain and fatigue. But at length, they perceived some scattered huts! Zaor, collecting all his strength, ran before his master, and entered one which was open, where he found a vessel of water, and without caring for the risk he would run, if he were discovered, brought it to Blanche before placing it to his lips.

The most delicious liquor could not be compared to that water, of which they had been deprived for more than four days; they all three drank with a pleasure, words cannot express; and then Zaor went to carry back the vessel. When he was coming out of the hut, an old man met him and demanded what he had been doing at his house. Zaor told him with frankness.

'You should have waited,' answered the old man, 'until I had given it to you; you deserve punishment for having stolen from me, that, which I have so much difficulty in obtaining from yonder high mountain.'

'If you only regret your labour, tell me the fountain, and I will get you more than we have drank' and he gave him also a piastre, which the old man took with great joy. During this time, Adolphe, Blanche, and little Louis arrived, thought at the risk of experiencing the same fate as at the former village. The old man pleased with the present Zaor had made him, offered them his hut for a shelter, and brought them milk and barley, and a portion of a wolf he had roasted on the coals.

Soon after the master of the hut closed the door and gave up to Adolphe and Blanche his own bed. The old man retired to the farthest part of the cabin: Zaor lay down at the feet of his master and all enjoyed profound repose.

The old man, who had watched Blanche narrowly, had no doubt, that the person, whom Zaor had called a young boy, was in reality the wife of Adolphe and the mother of Louis. He had arrived to that age, when the cool senses allow compassion to have its full sway, and knew the extreme danger which a woman so young and beautiful as Blanche would incur, if her sex were known. He resolves to save her from the peril, which menaces her, and getting up, he called Zaor.

'You have deceived me, said he; the pretended young man is the wife of your master; but take care that my neighbors do not know it, for they would

kill you to have her company. Let her remain then, shut up in my cabin, until the departure of her husband; and I will say to my neighbors, that his companion has had his foot injured in the journey and that he is obliged to remain in bed. As they respect my age, no one will dare to enter here.

Tell your master to be of good cheer, for he may remain here as long as he wishes.

Zaor told Adolphe the conversation he had had with the old man; and if the humanity of this man inspired him with gratitude he was not without fear of what he had said concerning his neighbors, and resolved to be but a short time in a place, where he ran so much danger. But he thought it advisable to secure the good will of his host by presents, and accordingly he gave him a large quantity of those articles which savages esteem most, but which use has rendered insignificant among us.

But now the inhabitants of the neighboring huts desired to see the strangers, and their curiosity increased the more, that the old man always prevented them, so that the old man began to fear he could no longer restrain them.

Adolphe thought, it best, therefore, to show himself with Zaor, and as evening had come, these savages thought them the only strangers, and were about to retire, when the little Louis caused an event, which might have had the worst of consequences. He escaped from the arms of his mother who, was holding him, while Zaor was interpreting between his father and the African, and going immediately into the midst of the circle, he excited such a sensation by his rare beauty, that these savages uttered a cry of joy.

In an instant a negro woman took him in her arms and running with the speed of lightning, disappeared.

Adolphe, who was still suffering from the wounds on his feet, forgot his pain, and put himself in pursuit of her. Blanche, who saw her son go out with extreme anxiety, not seeing him return thought no more of the peril she would incur by showing herself and ran out of the hut. What was her terror, when she saw her son no more and her husband running with all his speed. Then the danger, which threatened her, presented itself to her in all its extent and too weak to resist and conquer her fright, she fell senseless into the arms of Zaor, who carried her back to the hut.

Meantime, Adolphe, whom his paternal love gave wings, pursued the woman, who had carried away his son, and saw her enter a hut in the distance, where a young man was seated before the door. Two or three children were begging to take the little Louis, whose cries reached even the unfortunate father. The latter collecting all his strength, arrived at length at the house of the woman, who began to laugh immoderately, when she saw him completely exhausted and panting with his exertion. The child perceiving his father stretched out his arms to him, and endeavored to go towards him, but the woman, who held him, would not give him up. Adolphe tried by signs to make her understand that he loved his child as much as she loved hers; but seeing that she laughed at his alarm and con-

timed to examine the little Louis, and to kiss him, as we once little dogs, he saw no other means of making her restore his child, than by leading away with him, two of her own. Immediately their mother, who notwithstanding her admiration of the little white boy, loved far better her own children, brought Louis to his father, who, restoring to her, her children, pressed his son to his bosom. The husband of the negro woman, who had taken no part in the scene, saw him go away without offering to stir.

Adolphe returned to the hut of the old man, overwhelmed with heat and fatigue. Blanche, who had recovered her senses, was abandoned to the extranquility of despair. When she saw her husband enter with her child, she uttered a cry of joy, and taking Louis in her arms, she covered him with kisses.

CHAPTER XII.

Our travellers were only one day's journey from Bahara; and as they had filled their sacks with water, they did not experience much fatigue or distress in their travel. They arrived in the evening at the gate of the city, where they were escorted by six soldiers to the palace of the king, who had been expecting their arrival.

The king gave them a very large hut, which they furnished with everything they could need, as well as a large quantity of wood, palm leaves, and some rough tools, with which Adolphe made chairs for the king, such as the peasants have in France, but which appeared to the king magnificent furniture. He came often to see the strangers work, and an irresistible instinct drew him towards the young Arab, who occupied her time in arranging the palm leaves, which Zaor used in covering the chairs, that Adolphe had made. The prince found her so amiable, that he often told Zaor, no woman could be more so. He every day became more attached to them, and often accompanied Adolphe in the chase. He admired his skill, but expressed his wonder, that Adalmor, (for that was the name, that Blanche had assumed when she left Tunis,) did not go with them. Adolphe answered that his brother was of a very weak constitution, and that, as a long journey was before them, he did not wish to fatigue him.

Nearly three months had now passed, since the travellers had arrived at the kingdom of Bahara, when at length a party of merchants entered the city from the eastern shores of Africa, for the purpose of exchanging their merchandise with the productions of Bahara. Zaor sought among these merchants for some, who lived near the Senegal, but in vain; they all came

from the kingdoms of the North, or the South-West. If they should travel on with this caravan, they would be absolutely going away from the place, where they intend to embark for Europe. Nevertheless, it was necessary to decide on some course, or other, and the love of the king, which increased every day, might soon render their departure impossible. Besides, it was prudent to profit by a time, when the presence of many strangers in Bahara might distract the thoughts of the king, and render the society of Adolphe less necessary to him. Zaor proposed, therefore, that they should change their course, and go to the Mozambique coast, whence they could easily embark for Madagascar, where they could find European establishments, which would facilitate their return home. It was painful to decide on this frightful journey, but it appeared to be their only resource; and therefore, having made a price with the caravan, which was going to the country of Zembre, they requested the king to give them permission to set out.

The monarch consented to their request with tears in his eyes, and made them promise, that if they were ever travelling near him again, they should pay him a visit. Having bought two more camels, they loaded them with all the articles, which they thought they might need, and after having given the king some valuable presents, they set out with the caravan.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE caravan took its course over an immense desert, where the heat was excessive. They had water and fruit in abundance, which enabled them to endure their fatigues with better courage, but nevertheless, they were anxious to find a shelter for the night; and having perceived a village, they hastened their camels to reach it. The chief of the caravan addressed himself to Doricata, who ordered forage to be distributed to the camels, and milk and cakes to the men; and when they offered him money he replied, that it was his duty to be kind towards strangers, and give them every assistance in his power. So much generosity in a country, which was called barbarous, surprised Adolphe, and he signified his gratitude to Doricata, by giving him a valuable present, which the latter accepted as a souvenir. The chief of the caravan forewarned Adolphe, the next two days travel would be very fatiguing, because they would find no huts in their course, where they might procure shelter and food, but, on the other hand, that the road, along which their course lay, would be good, and they would be able to obtain pure water from distance to distance, good fruits and a great many ostrich eggs, which are always a great resource to travellers.

At the end of the first day's journey, they made a large fire, and all the caravan arranged themselves around it. They had a great quantity of provisions, and the supper was animated by gaiety and cordiality; each one narrated his adventures, whether true or false; but it was in Blanche, that the greatest interest was concentrated. All agreed; that she was the most amiable and handsome young man in the world, and that her nephew resembled her much. In fine, even amid the deserts of Africa, under the garb of a different sex, the beauty and charms of Blanche exercised their empire. These homages, which instinct naturally drew forth from the companions of their journey caused Madame de B. much uneasiness, she trembled, lest by some means she should betray herself and expose the life of him, who to her was so dear. She saw, therefore, with pleasure, the travellers, one by one, fall into a sound sleep, and leaning her head upon the arm of Adolphe, abandoned herself also to the charms of slumber.

The following day were obliged to make a very long journey, in order to reach the village of Salija, where they were very well received; but did not spend the night, as they wished to pass it among the Womhamiens, the most polished and civilized of all the people of the interior of Africa. Their color ranks them among the negroes, although their precise origin is not known; having been rooted by nations more powerful than themselves, they at length took refuge on the border of the river Tron.

This people, who have no king, but only a chief, carry on an extensive commerce of gold dust and ivory, which they exchange with the Europeans for thousands of those trifles, so much valued among the Africans. This intercourse with a civilized portion of the earth has rendered their manners vastly different from those of their countrymen.

They received the caravan politely and proposed exchanges. No political knots are so strong, as those of commerce; people cease to be strangers when they procure mutually objects of need and luxury; and nothing promotes toleration, more than this intercourse; perhaps because commerce appertaining only to terrestrial affairs, distract the mind from theological disputes. In a commercial nation, it would be impossible to establish the inquisition. The same reason, which frees this people from every fanaticism, renders them also little sensible to beauty, for being occupied in making exchanges with the caravan, they did not notice the charms of Madame de B.

I would pity young and beautiful females, if all men upon earth, were engaged in mercantile operations. Religion and love demand a sort of ease, which leaves to the mind the faculty of abandoning itself to enthusiasm, without which there can neither be votaries, nor lovers.

After having passed nearly a month with this good people, they departed, and, making a circuit, long enough to avoid the mountain, which has its name from the quantity of lions which inhabit it, they arrived at the nation of the Maphaniens, a nation, as ferocious as the animals themselves. The chief of the caravan demanded permission to pass the night in some of the

coverns, (the only habitations of the Mophanians,) but the priest refused him, and this refusal, became a law for all the inhabitants, whom neither prayers, nor money could induce to show any hospitality to the strangers. They were compelled, therefore, to sleep in the open air. Let one imagine a young and beautiful female, brought up in ease and luxury, who, from the sumptuous house of her father, passed into the seraglio, where the care of her husband and the riches of her benefactor procured for her every joy and wish, reduced to pass the night without other shelter, than the heavens, surrounded by men for the most part uneducated, without other bed, than the cold ground, and one will have some idea of the vicissitudes of fortune. The courage of Blanche was superior to every accident; never was she heard to utter the slightest complaint, and as long as fate did not separate her from her husband and her son, nothing could equal her constancy. It mattered not how situated; if with Adolphe and Louis, she was happy.

Early next morning, the caravan hastened to make preparations for leaving their uncivil hosts, but just as they were about to set out, the Mophanians told them, that they could not cross their kingdom without obtaining permission of the king. For this purpose, they were obliged to go five days journey to the place, where the monarch resided. Nothing of importance occurred during these days, and they arrived safely at the abode of the king, who being conciliated by a number of presents, granted their requests.

Nothing can be so miserable as these people, whom the king governs with the most extreme despotism. All the important offices in his state, are occupied by his sons, who exercise the same authority over the inhabitants, as the shepherd does over his flock.

Their religion is intimately connected with the Indian dogmas; they worship the sun and the moon and pray only in the woods. The priest placed in the midst of them, commences his invocations, during which they prostrate themselves several times upon the ground. These are the only religious ceremonies, which they practice.

That, which astonished most the Chevalier de B. was the extreme idleness of the men, who, excepting the chase, pass their lives in the most worthless laziness. The women do all the work, they fabricate the stuffs, dry the skins, and fashion the vases not only for their own use, but for the purposes of exchange. Nothing compensates these unfortunate women for the work, with which they are burdened, their husbands having neither regard nor tenderness, but treating them as slaves, destined to serve them.

Adolphe was extremely glad, when the captain took leave of the king, to quit this savage country, and continue their route towards the kingdom of Zemtre. But there yet remained much length of road, and the war which the Knonians and the Otobans were waging, rendered it very unsafe to cross their kingdoms.

The caravan had gone through some very narrow passes, in which Blanche,

suffered extremely from the heat and the different nature of the road. They had now reached the summit of a hill; the sun had sunk below the horizon, and night, so ardently wished for, was beginning to diffuse darkness over the earth, when suddenly the heavens were lit up with brightness, more dazzling than the orb of day. Immense volumes of smoke would sometimes roll upwards, and wrap everything again in gloom. The shrieks which were heard at short intervals, left no doubt, that this was one of war's sad deeds, and that the place, from which the cries and the flames came, was a village of the Kinonians, which the Otobans had fired.

Fear, lest the savage conquerors should turn their steps towards the mountain, and sacrifice everything that fell in their way, persuaded the captain to shelter the caravan from their fury by retiring into a large cavern on the side of the mountain.

They entered it, not without fear of finding wild beasts, which the cries of the conquerors and the conquered had frightened. In this sad retreat, where nothing could be distinguished on account of its darkness, they prepared to pass the night. Blanche, the courageous Blanche, could not overcome a feeling of fear, and clung fast to her husband, while Zaor carried in his arms the little Louis, who frightened by the horrid cries of the combatants, and the gloom of the cavern, made it ring with his shrieks.

When they thought they had reached the end of the cave, they sat down near each other. Blanche, by caressing her child, at length soothed him, and he fell asleep. But he was the only one, who in that sad night, could close his eyes; the rest in a state of horrible anxiety for the result, kept mournful silence, which allowed the cries of the unfortunate Knionians to reach their ears. The quiet, which at length succeeded, made the travellers think, that the Kinonians, crushed under their burning roofs, had ceased to suffer, and their executioners had withdrawn, when they heard a noise at the entrance of the cavern. The whole caravan thought themselves irretrievably lost, when the cries of a child and the plaintive accents of a woman changed their fear to pity. They concluded then, that she was a Knionian woman who had escaped from the carnage with her child, and had sought a retreat in the cavern.

Notwithstanding the danger of being discovered, Blanche could not resist her desire of giving assistance to the unfortunate woman, and begged Zaor to speak to her. The woman frightened in her turn, uttered a cry and made an effort to go out of the cavern; but they heard her fall down on the rocks. 'She is dead, said Blanche; our assistance is too late.' Zaor offered to light a fire, and finding some dry branches, he lit them, hoping by the light to distinguish the woman, whose complaints had enlisted their sympathy.

When the wood had been put into a blaze, they saw the unfortunate woman dying, and peering her child to her bosom. Nothing could be compared to the condition, to which the Knionienne was reduced; the fire had almost consumed her, all her body was covered with wounds, and it was

only maternal love, which could have enabled her to reach the cavern. The fright, she had experienced, added to her fatigue, had hastened her last moments. Her child, about three years old, who had been preserved from the horrors of fire almost by a miracle, pressed himself close to her bosom. The unfortunate mother, touched by the tenderness of Blanche, gave her to understand by signs, that she was about to die, and that she recommended her child to her protection; soon after, her arms relaxed and she expired almost without a groan. Blanche recovered from this sad spectacle, and attempted to calm the orphan, whom she adopted with the consent of Adolphe, promising to divide her care between him and her son. She named him Effeï, as she had named her own son, Amette, in honor of the friend, who she always regretted.

The rays of the sun now shining into the cavern, Adolphe went out, and climbing on to a rock, cast a glance into the valley, where he saw only a heap of ashes, from which still came clouds of smoke; but it was certain, that the Otobans had retired, and that there could be no risk in continuing their journey towards the kingdom of Zembre. When Adolphe had given to his companions an account of his observations, they prepared to set out.

It was necessary to employ force, to get the little Knionier from the cavern, where his mother was buried, and he did not cease to cry all day. Blanche, by her caresses, at length succeeded in quieting him, and he found in the company of the little Louis a distraction, which, added to the excitement of the journey, in a few days dissipated his grief, and in a few months, he thought himself the son of Blanche and Adolphe.

Nothing remarkable occurred to our travellers, during the remainder of their journey to Zembre, at which city Adolphe stopped more than a month, in order to give Blanche time to recover from the fatigues of the journey and then advanced to Mozambique, where they arrived on the 19th June, 16—, four years and three months and seventeen days after their departure from Tunis.

CHAPTER XIV.

Love of country, how deeply art thou rooted in the human heart ! Time can never destroy thee, danger cannot overcome thee, pleasure cannot eradicate thee. In vain are the joys of a temperate sky offered to the inhabitants of the frozen zone, he sighs for his snow covered hut, his eternal winter, and his reindeer, who obedient to his voice, glide, with a sure step, over the fields of ice ; he dies with a broken heart, if he cannot visit his native land. If such are the ties, which attach to their country those who are born in these comfortless regions, how much stronger must they be for those who have passed their infancy under the mild skies of the temperate zone. Above all, the Frenchman cannot regard a foreign land as his own, but he always returns to his household gods sooner or later ; glory and honor, under a foreign sun, have no charms for him.

Adolphe, whom friendship had detained at Tunis, nevertheless had longed for the old chateau of his father, and the grove where he had passed his childhood ; and when he called to mind the promise which bound him to the coast of Africa, his eyes were suffused with tears ; he could have wished, without separating from the friend, who was so dear to him, he might see again the orchards and the meadows, where his imagination constantly dwelt.

But when death had taken from him Effeï Amette, and thus destroyed the only ties, which bound him to Algiers, the desire of returning to his country became so intense, that he would have undergone any dangers or hardships, rather than have foresworn it. But for more than four years, he had not been able to approach his much loved France ; every step seemed to remove him to a greater distance from it ; when he at length saw the sea, he felt a pleasure it is impossible to describe.

No vessel had arrived on these coasts, and our travellers passed nearly a month on the borders of the sea, among some very good people, who, having had intercourse with the Europeans, established at Madagascar, were more civilized than the Africans generally.

Adolphe learned from them many important particulars, as to the course he ought to hold, in order to avoid the sand banks between Africa and the island of Madagascar. They assured him, that he could with safety cross to that island in open boat, which they helped him to build. The little probability, that he would see any other vessel, decided him to follow their

advice, and in six weeks the boat was ready to set out. They took provisions for two months, and having given their hosts their camels, and different objects of curiosity, and what remained of the *Zimpes*, they embarked with two blacks, who understood the management of the boat.

At first the navigation was fortunate, and Adolphe flattered himself, that they would soon arrive at Fort Dauphin, which, the Coavians had told him, was occupied by the French. But suddenly the wind changed, and drifted them towards the north with such violence, that they were obliged to land on an island, which they have since discovered to be near Comore. It was entirely desert; but they found springs of sweet water, and plenty of fish and tortoises, and passed their time very pleasantly.

At the end of seven or eight days, the wind appeared more moderate and they again put to sea. But in a short time, they perceived all the signs of a frightful tempest. The heavens were so filled with black clouds, that it seemed to unite with the sea, whose hoarse roar brought terror to the heart of Adolphe and his companions. The thunder, which pealed in a frightful manner, added still more horror to the scene. Blanche, seated in the bows of the boat, holding in her arms her two children, implored for them and her husband the assistance of heaven, which alone could preserve them from the danger which threatened them.

Adolphe and Zaor, united their exertions with those of the two negroes to gain a rock, which they perceived by the flashes of lightning, hoping to put their little boat in shelter. But the seas were so high, that they threatened every moment to swamp them, and prevented the boat from making much progress, and there fell a torrent of rain mixed with hail, which incommoded them extremely. At length, by dint of hard rowing, they reached a rock, near a sand bank, and tied their boat to it. They all then lay down in the bottom of it and waited for the end of the tempest, not without fear lest the violence of the wind should sink them. The storm continued all night, nor was it possible for them to take a minute's rest. The whistling of the wind, the roar of the waves beating against the rocks, the claps of thunder, which followed each other without intermission, held up before their eyes a horrid death. But at length, day brought relief from their misery; the sea grew calm, and the sun shone out brightly. They therefore immediately set out once more after having renewed their supply of water, and in sixteen days arrived at Sainte Luce, and thence gained the province of Amboule in Madagascar, over which a Frenchman named Lacase was sovereign.

Lacase and his amiable and beautiful wife received the travellers with great kindness, and did everything they could for their amusement, while they remained at their houses. Adolphe made a tour of the island with the governor and acquired much valuable information of the manners of its inhabitants, and Blanche found in Dian Nong, a woman whom she could love and esteem. Both of them regretted the time when it became necessary

for them to separate. But it was now the season, when the ships generally set out for Europe, and after having given mutual tokens of esteem and attachment, Adolphe and his family separated from the sovereigns of Amboules with tears in their eyes.

CHAPTER. XV.

They arrived at the station in the province of Comesay where M. de Keradieu received them with honor. A Portuguese vessel was in the road, waiting for a favorable wind to set sail. The captain, named Lopez de Almeida appeared enchanted to make the voyage with such agreeable persons as the French, and declared his happiness to the Chevalier de B. He was very respectful towards Blanche, and loaded the little Louis and his companion with courtesies. Even to Zaor and the nurse, he gave an agreeable reception.

During the few days, that preceded the embarkation, he did not leave Adolphe once, who was overwhelmed with the marks of friendship, which the captain gave him. Blanche did not have the same good opinion of the Portuguese, that her husband had : she thought she saw in his face a deceitful look, and a sort of constraint in his manners which displeased her ; but she did not wish to make her dislike known to Adolphe. She hesitated, lest she might disturb the satisfaction he felt in thinking that in a year he would be in France, and determined to watch the progress of events, before speaking to her husband.

Adolphe, who believed that men like D'Artimont were exceedingly rare, did not dream that his unhappy lot could expose him to two such persons ; and gave himself up to his new friend with entire confidence. In fact, Lopez seemed every way fit to supply the void which the death of Effie had left.

'I live at no particular place,' said he one day to Adolphe with affected frankness ; 'I have lost my father and have only remote relations. Having gone to sea very young, I hardly know Lisbon, and all countries are indifferent to me. The time I passed at Rochefort, on my return from Brazil, where I had made an immense fortune, has strongly attached me to France. Perhaps I will sell my property at Lisbon and live in your own belle France.'

'O my friend !' replied Adolphe with joy, I have a sister who is eight years younger than myself, and who promised to be as beautiful as Blanche. If she were not married, and should please you, how happy might we be !'

'All my wishes,' said Lopez, would be fulfilled ; to pass my life with you my dear chevalier, to become your brother, would be happiness, of which

I am unworthy; but at least I will try to deserve it. Yes, I will go with you to France. We agree on that.'

Adolphe imparted the project of the captain to Blanche, who received it with coldness.

'You do not share,' said he, 'the satisfaction I feel in finding in Lopez the friend I have lost?'

'We never can supply the void, one friend has left in our hearts. What a difference there is between that friend of our youth, whose attachment led him to sacrifice himself, rather than disappoint you, and a man you hardly know, born too in a country, where treachery is such a common vice.'

- Adolphe convinced, as indeed he told Blanche, that his wife's dislike of Lopez, arose merely from jealousy of his influences gave himself up still more entirely to Lopez, who every day acquired greater power over him. Zaor, who had the same opinion, as his mistress, very much desired, that a French vessel should come to the isle of Bourbon, that they might not be obliged to make the voyage with the Portuguese. But his wishes were not gratified, and Lopez, who feared the arrival of some other ship, hastened the business, which had brought him to Madagascar, and having given Adolphe and his family notice, that he was about to weigh anchor, he caused them to be brought to the vessel in a boat, adorned with streamers, and to the sound of charming music. A magnificent repast awaited them, on board. Everything proclaimed the Portuguese gallantry.

This feast was so agreeable, that Madame de B. could not help signifying her thanks to Lopez de Mega by manners, rather more affable, than she usually had shown towards him. The Portuguese, delighted at having obtained some success, could hardly refrain his joy. But too prudent to risk losing all the pleasure he promised himself, he kept sufficient command over himself to appear only as a friend, and enclosing himself within the bounds of the most profound respect, he let no word escape him which could betray the thoughts at the bottom of his heart. In the evening there was a collation and a display of fire-works. At length the company broke up and Lopez, profiting by the favorable breeze, weighed anchor, and set out for the cape.

They remained at the cape a considerable time, at the house of a gentleman named Vanderman, a Dutch merchant of great wealth. Lopez during the whole time lost no opportunity of gaining still more entire possession of the heart of Adolphe, while his manners towards Blanche became every day more familiar. Vanderman treated the travellers with unbounded hospitality, and gave them much information of the state of things in France. Their time here was taken up with all the pleasures that the place afforded, and they left it, when the time of their departure came, with sorrow and regret.

The voyage from the cape to Lisbon at the time of the year, they made it,

was not at all dangerous, and besides Lopez had provided everything, that Blanche and her family could possibly desire. He had put on board a large quantity of Constantia wine, so highly esteemed by gourmands, and he lavished it, as though it were of the meanest sort.

Under pretence, that the Chevalier de B. was his brother, and the only object of his affections, his attentions to Blanche became still more constant. But the latter felt the greatest repugnance to him and treated him with extreme coldness. But as the Portuguese did not pass, for an instant beyond the bounds of strict decorum, Madame de B. could bring no positive charge against him; though the nearer she approached Europe, the more she desired not to depend on a man, who inspired her with fear and distrust.

CHAPTER XVI.

At length, they entered into port. Blanche wished her husband to take rooms at a hotel, but Lopez would not consent to it, and assured them, that his hotel was large enough to accommodate them without difficulty. In fact, it was one of the most splendid in Lisbon; everything in it proclaimed the wealth of its master: and when Madame de B. had entered it, he begged her to consider it her own, and said he was but too happy, in being permitted to live under the same roof, as the friends, who were so dear to him.

He had allotted their apartments in such a way, that those Blanche occupied, which were of the greatest magnificence, were very far from those of Adolphe, and when he had conducted her to them after supper, he said to the Chevalier,

'Madame de B. must be very much fatigued. Let us leave her to her repose, while we chat with each other. We have no time to lose for the arrangements, we have to make.'

Adolphe, who was entirely unsuspecting, followed Lopez to his apartment, and the doors, which open a communication between the wings of the hotel, were shut. When they had reached the apartment of Lopez, he entertained Adolphe for a long time, with his projects of going to France, and then having called for wine, he plied Adolphe with it to such an extent, that he began to feel sleepy. Leaving his perfidious friend, he undertook to go to the chamber of his wife; but finding the doors shut his head reeling with the wine he had drank, he returned to his own apartment, where Zaor was waiting, and went to sleep immediately.

Blanche, who thought she had detected the criminal designs of Lopez in

his looks, was no sooner alone with Zilia, (for that was the name of the nurse, she had taken with her from Madagascar for the sake of the little Effie,) than she told her to bring the cradle of her children into her chamber; and shutting the door of the apartment with great care, she bid her pass the night on an ottoman with her.

‘As I do not think my husband will come here to-night, I should be afraid to stay alone in this great apartment. The gilded ceiling,’ added she, ‘gives me no more confidence, than the huts of the savages.’

Zilia asked her if she would sleep.

‘Not yet,’ said she, I will wait a little while for Adolphe.’

The apartment which Lopez had given her, was much like that of Madame, the Countess de Ranzi; its luxury was the same. But here, as in that of the Countess, she was unhappy, and it seemed, as if anxiety were for her inseparable from wealth. The reflections of Blanche were sad enough; she thought of her early life, her travels over the burning sands of Africa, and the perils to which she had been exposed; she trembled for her present danger, and, looking forward to the future, all was wrapt in chilling uncertainty. Overwhelmed with such thoughts as these, Blanche was about to sink into an disturbed rest, when a gentle knock was heard at her door.

She thought at first, that it was Adolphe returning, and her heart beat with joy and love. She arose, went to the door, and asked,

‘Is it you my dear Adolphe?’

No one answered; and the noise, she thought she had heard at this door, began in another part of the room. Then, trembling, she went to shut herself up with Zilia and her children; but she had not time to reach them, before she felt herself seized by the arm, and she recognized Lopez. She uttered a cry; but the villain put his hand before her mouth, and presenting a poignard to her he said,

‘The least cry, Madame, will only bring witnesses of your death and my own. Listen to me. For a year you cannot have doubted that I adore you. Do not interrupt me; and above all do not do me the injustice, of thinking that I wish to obtain by force a happiness, which would then be without value.’ Blanche, somewhat encouraged by these words, appeared more calm, and Lopez continued.

‘I adore you, madame, and I have no other intention than that of gaining your hand.’

‘Never!’ cried Blanche, in such a loud voice, that Lopez feared, lest she might be heard.

‘Have you forgotten, replied he, in a severe tone, what I have just said to you. Hear me without interruption, or both your death and mine will prevent any further explanation.’

Blanche sat down; and yielding to the horror, with which Lopez inspired her, kept silence.

'Your marriage,' continued he, is null. According to the laws of France, you were neither of you of age, and you had not the consent of your parents. Their will can break your ties; and can you doubt they will do so, when they shall know that Lopez de Mega, enjoying a hundred thousand piastres rent, and of one of the oldest houses in Portugal, burns to unite himself to you? But still, in yielding to you my liberty and my fortune, I cannot but claim your affection. In the meantime, I warn you, if you betray to Adolphe a word of this interview, he is irretrievably ruined. I will denounce him to the inquisition, as living with a Mahomedan woman, and do not think it will be possible for you to prove yourself the daughter of M. de Ranzi, for he would have been burned long before you could send to France. Besides, I have prepared everything. No letter can go out of Lisbon. But if you will consent to my wishes, you shall be the happiest of women.'

Seeing, that Blanche heard him with the greatest calmness, he continued, 'I have thought of everything. If you will deign to second my projects, it will be easy for me to get rid of Adolphe, and in a manner that will be advantageous to him, for I will obtain for him the governorship of Brazil, and I will persuade him not to expose you and the children to the dangers of the sea; that you will remain here under the protection of Signora Bransola, sister of my mother; and as soon as he is gone, we will write to Provence, in order to obtain the consent of your parents, which having done, we will be married and I will recognize your son, as my own.'

Madame de B. answered not a word, her head resting upon her hand, she appeared indifferent to this web of perfidity: then raising her eyes to Lopez with a dignity so imposing, that he almost quailed beneath her glance, and recovered not his self possession, until he had heard her utter these words:

'My resolution, sir, will be dictated by prudence, by the care to preserve the life of a husband who I cannot believe is insensible to the love, which I have for him; yet I am a mother and I ought to endeavor to ensure to my son a happy and tranquil existence. Know then, that I will keep the secret, but I exact this, that Adolphe shall in no way be informed of the course which necessity compels me to take; follow out your designs, and leave to me the care of seconding them.'

Lopez could hardly support his happiness; he wished to throw himself at her feet, as a mark of his gratitude, but Blanche, repelling him, prayed to be left alone; that she had need of some moments of tranquility, to reflect upon the astonishing revolution, which was about to take place in her fate. Lopez, persuaded that ambition, and perhaps love, pleaded for him in the heart of Blanche, assured her, that she should be sovereign mistress of his actions, and that, after the promise, which she had just made him, nothing would occupy his attention except the hastening of the happy moment, when they would be united by legitimate ties; thus saying, he retired and left her alone.

Blanche, who had not a moment to lose, when she was certain that Lopez had entered his own apartment, went to wake Zilia, whose zeal and intelligence were well known. She related to her all, that had passed and told her, that her intention was to profit by the moment, when Lopez was asleep to take to flight, but that this one thing embarrassed her; that she did not wish to inform him of the outrages of Lopez de Mega, until they had left his hotel. 'I know Adolphe,' said she, 'no consideration will stop him; but he will go immediately to demand satisfaction for this gross insult.' Zilia promised her, that she would seek Zaor at day-break, which was not far off, and in the mean time they made the necessary preparations, packing up their wardrobes, their jewels and their gold, the latter of which;

was much diminished, but still enough to enable them to reach Bordeaux. She only wished to gain the port, before Lopez was aware of their departure and then she thought that heaven, the protection of innocence would facilitate the rest of their undertakings.

Aurora was just beginning to quench the stars, and the birds were already chanting the morning hymn.

'Zilia, my dear Zilia,' said Blanche, 'it is time to seek Zaor, the sleep of the wicked is not of long duration. If Lopez should awake, if he should give the orders, which he has threatened, we are lost, for between dishonor and death, is the choice dubious. Try then, to find Zaor, let him tell his master, that I am restless at not having seen him return to night, that I have not slept, and that I wish to walk in the magnificent gardens of Lopez, before the heat becomes insupportable; above all, let no air of haste or trouble attend your endeavors, for beware of arousing suspicion.' Zilia departs on her errand, but when she reaches the end of the corridor, she finds the grate locked and returns to inform her mistress of this sad news.

'Heaven!' cried Blanche, 'the traitor Lopez has then put in effect his villainous measures. Of what avail was my feigning. I am not less his prisoner, and he thinks, that I share his culpable designs. Ah Zilia! save me from his horrible plots; those windows are not very high, and it will be easy for me to descend; you will hand me the children, and then follow yourself; we will obtain from some one of these gardeners egress from these walls, and at the first hut, where we arrive, I will inform the French ambassador of the plots of Lopez, in order that he may rescue Adolphe from this monster, before that he knows I am no longer in his power.' The first obstacle was soon overcome, and they found themselves in the superb gardens of the hotel.

The sun was gilding with his first rays, the summit of the trees, and the air, loaded with the perfume of flowers, yet moist with the tears of Aurora, embalmed the atmosphere. All announced a beautiful day, yet to Blanche, it only seemed one, likely to be attended with sinister events. She was leaving a husband, whom she adored, and that too, in the house of his most mortal enemy; she could not inform him of the reasons, which rendered flight necessary, and in her heart she conceived most frightful suspicions, that Lopez would avenge his fury upon the person of her beloved Adolphe.

In spite of these sad reflections, she saw clearly, that the greatest danger awaited them, if they remained, and that in departing, there seemed some hope that all would turn out well. Thus she followed her first intention, and meeting, as she before imagined, the gardeners, just going out to commence their work, asked one of them, with the most absolute indifference, if the park opened upon the ramparts or upon the country. 'Very near the harbor,' replied he, and my lord has erected a pavilion, from whence can be seen the vessels coming into port, and those setting out to sea. If my lady wishes to go into it, I will open the door.'

'Willingly,' said Blanche, and he conducted her into a room, decorated with the greatest elegance, and from a window of which, one had an extensive view of the whole harbor. Blanche closed the door, and her first thought was to escape from this place, as she had done from the mansion, but to her great grief the window was defended by bars of iron, being besides more than twenty feet above the ground. This hope must therefore be renounced, and with great perseverance, she began again to seek some other place, from which to escape, when turning around she perceived a small door, which opened at her touch and exposed a pair of stairs, at the bottom of which, however, another obstacle presented itself in the way of

an iron grate, locked and bolted. Her only resource now, was to apply to the gardner and endeavor to prevail upon him to open it. For this purpose she left the pavilion and went out among the trees and hedges, to seek this man, when, what was her joy, as she turned one of the corners, to see Adolphe. Her first emotion was to run and throw herself into his arms, but recollecting, that she might excite some surprise, in manifesting such perfect happiness, she tried to assume an air of calmness, and only bestowed upon him some gentle reproaches, for having abandoned her the past night. Adolphe gave, as his excuse, the law of the house, which compels the servants to lock the grate of each corridor at midnight, and that having remained with his friend beyond that hour, he did not like to call up the servants to unlock the grates, although he desired greatly to see her and tell all that his friend had said. 'But since love reunites us in these lovely groves, I regret less not having been able to rejoin you sooner.' And walking along he related the magnificent projects of Mega. But how much were they opposed to those, with which he had entertained Blanche that same night. She listened to her husband, as if she really partook of his gratitude to this perfidious wretch, and approaching the pavilion, he saw the little Louis, who as soon as he perceived Adolphe, cried out, 'Ah papa come, come papa and see this pretty little house.' 'It is charming,' said Blanche, to her husband. 'It is from here that we have a most beautiful view of the sea; I desired to walk upon its shores, but as the grate is fastened I was going when I met you, to beg of the gardner to open it.' 'If that will cause you any pleasure,' said Adolphe, 'I will go and ask him.' 'I shall be extremely obliged to you,' replied Blanche, and in waiting for an answer, her heart beat in suspense; but what was her grief, when Adolphe said that Lopez kept the key, and trusted it to no person; but that this gardner said he would go to awaken his master and obtain it from him. 'It is not worth the trouble,' replied Blanche, for at any other time we can take this walk.' Yet this disappointment had thrown her into absolute despair, and she was not able to retain her tears. Her husband, who knew, that she was not one of those women, who suffer violent grief, on account of every slight contradiction, could not conceive why she shed such melancholy tears, and inquired of her immediately the cause.

'Swear to me,' said Blanche, 'that what I am going to tell you, shall not separate you for a single instant from me, and that you will only occupy yourself with me, in endeavoring to find the means of placing my honor and your life in safety.'

'I swear it,' said Adolphe, 'but what is the reason to this strange discourse?'

Blanche then related to him the frightful scene of the past night. The blood of Adolphe boiled with rage, and in spite of the promise, which he had made, Blanche was obliged to make use of the warmest entreaties, to prevent him from going instantly to demand satisfaction of the traitor, Lopez, for his false perfidity. But when she rendered clear to him the imprudence of such a step, and the terrible consequences, which would fall upon herself and son, he felt how necessary it was to escape from the tyrant.

'This grating,' said he, 'which opens upon the coast of the sea, I will soon find means to break down; love and fury will add strength to my efforts.'

Thus saying, he descended the steps, and shaking the iron grate with almost supernatural force, felt that it must yield. Zilia, who was young and robust, as are all the women of Madagascar, united her efforts to those of Chevalier de B. At length, heaven seconded the courage and resolution of this interesting family, and the hinges were torn from the stone. The

next moment all were free; and taking the children in their arms, they flew towards the port, where they arrived just as it was striking six o'clock.

CHAPTER XVII.

FINDING a small boat, they asked the owner if he would take them out into the harbor, which for a small sum, he agreed to do. Just as they were getting into the boat, they recollected Zaor, for during their violent agitation and their hurry to escape from Lopez, they had entirely forgotten this worthy servant. But how could they inform him, where they had gone? And how could he find means to rejoin them, without giving to Lopez de Mega the scent of their track? It was necessary, then to leave him in Lisbon, until they set sail, if they should have the good luck to find a French vessel, and to ask the captain to send a letter ashore to the French ambassador, requesting him to take this honest man under his protection. This expedient rendered them more tranquil since they saw, that now Lopez could not render him responsible for their escape, and as to the means which he would have to enable him to rejoin them in France, the effects, which they had been obliged to leave, would more than suffice to pay his passage.

The owner of the small boat spoke bad Portuguese, and his accent proved him to be from the northern part of Europe. As he thought that the persons on board were sailing only for pleasure, he went along slowly pointing out to them the ships of different countries, which were laying at anchor.

'Here is one,' said he, 'which is going to leave immediately, whose captain is my countryman.' 'You are a Hollander then,' replied Adolphe, who recognised the flag.

'Yes senor.'

Blanche recalling to her mind the Vanderman family, and the letters, which she had for their son, inquired the name of the captain.

'It is Mr. Vanderman.'

'Vanderman of the cape, his son, I understand.'

'Yes Madam.'

'Ah Heaven! what happy news; is he on board at present?'

'We will soon see,' said he, and making a signal to the ship, inquired if the captain was on board.

'Yes,' replied a sailor. 'Tell him,' continued Adolphe, that some French persons coming from the cape, have letters for him from his father and mother.'

Vanderman soon appeared upon deck and invited them to tea, which invitation they accepted, and he received them with the same cordiality, that his father had done at the cape. The Chevalier de B. safe upon a Dutch ship, paid the owner of the small boat and dismissed him; then opening a casket he presented the letters of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderman, to their son. He read them with the greatest pleasure, for it had been two years, since he had heard from his family; and learning from these same letters the name of Adolphe, and the esteem, which his parents had for him and his beautiful companion, he treated him with great friendship and distinction.

After tea, Adolphe told the captain, that he had matters of importance to

communicate to him. Mr. Vanderman led him into his state-room, where the Chevalier told him the position to which he had been placed by the treachery of a friend, whom he had thought sincere. Vanderman, who had all the frankness and virtue of his family, could not comprehend how a man could carry his villany to such an extent. He was very indignant at the conduct of Lopez and told Adolphe to use his vessel as his own, that business obliged him to remain a month longer at Lisbon, but that the policy of the court would completely protect him from inquiry in a Dutch vessel, and he would be as safe, as he would be in a fortress, that he must profit by the time to write to Poitou and Marseilles, in order to give their families information of their situation; and that as to Zaor, he would go to the city, to inquire what had become of him, and bring him back to his master. Adolphe told his wife the plans of Vanderman, and begged her to be calm until his return. He wrote to his father, Blanche to Madame de Ranzi, and the captain charged himself with the delivery of their letters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Eight days had passed since Vanderman had left his vessel. He wrote, it is true, every day to Adolphe, but his letters gave no certain information of the fate of Zaor, nor of the time when he should return. His mate, who loved him very much, was extremely anxious about him, and determined to go to the city, to get more exact particulars of his situation.

The mate did not return till evening; and when he got on board, consternation was depicted on his features.

‘What is the matter?’ said Adolphe.

‘The most horrid misfortune; Vanderman has been assassinated.’

‘Good God! By whom?’

‘It is not positively known; but as he was attacked the same evening that he had a very warm dispute with Lopez de Mega, it is not doubted, that he was the one who hired the assassins to attack him.’ ‘Is he dead?’ asked Adolphe. ‘Not quite,’ replied the mate, ‘the surgeons give him some hope to-day. Vanderman had resolved to give us no information of his danger; and if I had not gone on shore, we should have known nothing about it.’ ‘I will go to the city,’ said Adolphe. ‘Let no one mention this sad event to Blanche. I will write to her when I shall have seen Vanderman.’

He jumped into the boat, and had already entered the port, before Blanche, who was in the stern of the ship, knew that he had gone. But his absence could not long be concealed from the miserable Blanche. She begged the mate to permit her to rejoin her husband.

‘It is impossible,’ said he. ‘You have been entrusted to me by M. de B. and I cannot permit you to leave the vessel, before he shall return, or send me an order to do so.’

But as he saw, that her grief increased, and feared lest she might throw herself into the sea, he led her to her state room, where he placed a guard over her, and brought to her Zilia and the children, who endeavored by their caresses, to distract her from the deep grief, in which she was plunged. Early next morning, she received the following letter from Adolphe.

Lisbon, July 14th, 16—.

Pardon me, my dear Blanche, that I have left you a prey to the anxiety which my precipitate departure must have caused you; but knowing your tenderness of feeling, I feared lest you might oppose what honor commanded. You know that M. Vanderman left us to get information of the state of Zaor, and to give him means to rejoin us. His first care was to go to the hotel of Lopez and demand the Arab, who was in the service of the Chevalier de B. They replied with insolence, that they knew nothing about him, and that it was none of their business. He asked to see Lopez himself, but they answered that Lopez was not to be seen, and that he must write a note, if he wished to obtain an audience. Vanderman, little satisfied with a preception, like this, went to the house of his national ambassador, and requested him to give him a letter to that of France. The Count received him favorably, and promised to use his influence to get Zaor back. His excellency thought, after what Vanderman said of Lopez, that he had given up this Arab to the inquisition, under pretence, that he was a Mahomedan; but then he considered that this step would involve too many diplomatic ceremonies. He thought that a letter from himself to M. Vanderman would be sufficient to settle the affair promptly. He wrote one immediately and gave it to the captain. The letter going back again to his house, gave his servant the note for Lopez and told him he would wait for an answer. Lopez received him without taking off his hat, and Vanderman therefore kept on his, that he might show, he considered himself his equal.

'What do you wish?' said Lopez. 'This letter will inform you.' Lopez opened it, read it, and put it into his pocket. 'I will make my reply to him, who sent you,' said Lopez. 'To him who sent me?' said Vanderman with indignation. 'No one sent me. No one has a right to. I come here of my own will. I asked a letter from the ambassador, that you might see that this affair will not be so easily settled, as you wish.' 'We will see,' replied Lopez, with disdain, 'how the ambassador of France will make me responsible for the valet of a man of his nation, whom his religion does not permit me even to look upon.' 'It is his religion, then, which has determined you to——' 'I do not know, sir, what this question means. I do not know you; I have nothing to say to you.' 'But I know you perfectly well. Your conduct with Madame de B.' 'Is it then for the purpose of insulting me,' said Lopez, 'that you have come here?' 'I come for Zaor, and if not restored, the king shall know of your treachery.' 'Do you know that I can arrest you?' said Lopez. 'You can do nothing,' replied Vanderman, 'I am here charged with a letter from the ambassador of France, who will soon find a way to redeem me, and certainly the Dutch ambassador will second him. But, moreover, M. Lopez, if what I have said offends you, it is easy for you to get your revenge; I am ready whenever you wish.' 'I cannot disgrace myself by fighting such as you.' He turned his back and left him alone in the apartment. Vanderman swore in a voice, loud enough for Lopez to hear him, that he would soon punish his arrogance. He then went out and proceeded immediately to give an account of what had happened to his ambassador, and begged him to devise with that of France, some means of getting satisfaction for such conduct; and then he got certain information, that Zaor was in the inquisition. Having thus done everything in his power for Zaor, he set out to return to the ship and was going to the harbor by a little frequented street, when suddenly four men in masks sprang upon him, pierced him with many blows of the poignard, and left him weltering in his blood. His servant, to whom he had given orders to join him at the boat, perceived him and ran to his assistance. He saw that his master yet breathed, and went to the house of the magistrate to give his

complaint and get assistance. The magistrate sent immediately to bring him to his house. The surgeons found his wounds very dangerous, and feared, that the daggers might have been poisoned; but this suspicion was not confirmed. Matters remained in this state, until the day, when the mate came to Lisbon. You know how strong is his attachment to M. Vanderman, and his frankness, which almost borders on madness. When he learned the attempt on the life of M. Vanderman, and that nothing had been done to revenge it, he went straight to the king; and when he was coming out from mass, he gave him a memorial, in which he had sketched in few words this devilish plot, naming Lopez, without any hesitation, as the author of it. The king appeared very much surprised, especially that no investigation had been set on foot.

'Return to your ship,' said he to the brave sailor, 'I give you my royal word that such a crime as this shall not go unpunished, however powerful may be the criminal.'

The mate, well satisfied with the justice and kindness of the king, returned on board and gave us the news. But I let not a moment escape; I set out immediately. When I reached land, I had intended to go straight to the hotel of Mega; but as soon as I was known, I was surrounded by friends of Vanderman, who conducted me to him, and told me all, I have been narrating to you, and that Lopez, having heard of what the mate had done, had gone to one of his establishments on the frontiers of Spain.

Vanderman appeared very glad to see me, and I remained near his bed until evening, conversing with him and some of his friends. Just at night-fall, his agent in Lisbon entered and said, 'Do you know what has just happened? They have arrested your assassins in the moment of committing another crime.' They confessed they had come out on a secret enterprise. They said they said they would give an account of the whole affair, and the name of him who had instigated them to it, on condition that their lives should be guaranteed. The commander of a galley carried them to the board of admiralty. When they were interrogated, they confessed, that they were the agents of Lopez de Mega; that by his orders, that they had attempted the assassination of Vanderman, and that it was he, who had ordered them to set fire to his vessel. Orders were immediately issued for the arrest of Lopez, wherever he should be found. Meantime adieu, soul of my life. I cannot express the affection, I have for you and your children.

Ever yours,

ADOLPHE DE B.

This letter calmed the fears of Blanche. She gave it to the mate, who read it to the whole of the crew. The Chevalier arrived in the evening, and nothing could be compared to the joy, this interesting family experienced in being again united. The same evening, they returned to Lisbon, and when they had landed, they found a gentleman of the French embassy, who invited them to make a visit at the house of the ambassador, but in spite of his reiterated invitations, Monsieur and Madame de B. preferred to live in the same house with Vanderman. A few days after they learned that Lopez had been arrested on the extreme frontier of Spain.

He arrived at Lisbon, where he was confronted with his accomplices whom he boldly declared he did not know. But a note in his own hand being produced, his audacity abandoned him and he solicited a pardon.—He carried his head to the scaffold and all Lisbon rejoiced over his fate.

As the wounds of Vanderman had detained him a long time at Lisbon, and having now nearly recovered, he determined to proceed to Marseilles, instead of stopping at Bordeaux as he had at first intended. They soon came in sight of the shores of France, and the rapture of Adolphe was in-

describable. But Blanche could not share his joy. She feared, what her reception might be from her father when he should discover that she was married. She fluctuated between hope and fear, and anxiously awaited the result.

At length they entered the harbor, and Vanderman proposed that Blanche should remain on board while he got information of M. de Ranzi. But Adolphe determined not to delay an instant, and drove immediately to the hotel de Ranzi. The old porter uttered a cry of joy when he recognised his mistress. 'I thank you, Andre, for your kind reception,' said Blanche, 'but tell me where are my father and mother? Are they well?'

'Perfectly; they are at the chateau de Ranzi.'

Blanche lost no time, but immediately wrote to her father and sent the letter off post-haste. She received an answer the next evening. She opened it and read as follows :

"CHATEAU DE RANZI, Sept. 16.

Who could, my dear daughter, describe the joy we experienced in receiving your letter? Come to us as quickly as possible, to enjoy our affectionate embraces and all that is dear to you.

Your affectionate father,

ARTHUR DE RANZI."

Blanche looked at the brief letter of her father in silence.

'All well!' said her husband, 'you see that your fears have not been well founded, and that your parents appear overwhelmed with joy at your return.'

'I acknowledge,' said Blanche, 'that this letter astonishes me. What if this tenderness were only a snare?'

'Why will you thus torment yourself? I find nothing in the letter but expressions of real attachment. I have given orders for setting out at once.'

Blanche, seeing that she could have no influence over her husband, determined to follow his advice, and prepared to set out to meet her father.—Vanderman and the mate came to take their leave of them before they set out on their journey, as the ship was about to weigh anchor for the Cape of Good Hope. 'I beg you,' said Blanche, 'to inform your father, in a very delicate manner, of the unhappy end of Lopez, whom he loved so dearly. However culpable may be the man, who is bound to us, one is always much more moved by his death, than irritated by his faults. Charge yourself, my dear Vanderman, with the testimonials of our gratitude and our attachment to your most respected parents, and beg them if they ever come to Europe to stop at Marseilles, where we will be too happy to offer them that hospitality which they generously bestowed upon us at the Cape.'

Vanderman assured them that he would execute punctually their commission, and that as for himself, he would never renounce the hope of seeing once more friends who were so dear to him. Saying this, he pressed their hands over and over again, for it seemed impossible for them to part.

Adolphe, Blanche, their son, Zilia, and the little Moor got into the carriage of M. de Ranzi, which, been drawn by six horses, rolled along the pavement so rapidly that Blanche had hardly time to remark the country which was so familiar to her in childhood.

In the meantime the sun was almost set, and in a few hours they expected to arrive at Ranzy. Blanche was endeavoring to fortify herself against the secret terrors which agitated her, and to embrace the illusions of her husband, when she heard the noise of a post-chaise, which, as it approached them, stopped and made a signal for them to do the same. Blanche perceiving the occupant of the carriage cried out with more of fear than of love, 'It is my father.' At this word Adolphe jumped out of the vehicle, and Blanche followed him—she wished to throw herself at the feet of the count, who raises her presses her to his bosom with an expression of the

most lively affection. Blanche, reassured by these evidences of kindness, replied without fear, and felt supremely happy that her absence had softened the heart of her, before, inexorable father. 'Behold,' said she, rather timidly, 'the husband whom I chose, when iron fetters disgraced my hands, and to whose courage I owe the happiness of finding myself again in the arms of a father.' 'He cannot doubt my profound gratitude,' replied the count.

This sentence confirmed Adolphe's confidence in his father-in-law, and he advanced towards him to testify his respect. Monsieur de Ransy did not give him time but embraced him with the most tender cordiality. 'My friends,' said he, loose no time in joining your mother, who would have come with me had her health permitted, for she is exceedingly impatient to see her dear children; we have yet six leagues to go, the day is almost passed, and the roads are not very safe: let us proceed.

As Blanche was about to get back into her carriage, her father retained her gently by the arm, and said, 'for almost seven years I have been separated from you, my dear daughter, and have been deprived of your sweet companionship, you cannot refuse to ride with me alone from here to Ransy. When we have arrived there I will restore you to your husband, and I know that he will make this small sacrifice; is it not time my dear son, that you will give up your wife to me until we reach home.'

'Too happy, sir, in finding so tender a father, his least wishes are my laws, and I would be a monster to deter Blanche in the slightest degree from performing the sacred duties of nature.

'Such a manner of speaking and thinking is an honor to you, my dear son, and makes me rejoice at the good fortune of my daughter. My little son, where is he?'

'He is sleeping soundly in the carriage.'

'Do not awake him: when we arrive at Ransy I will embrace him with greater joy: but come, let us go on.

Blanche, who reproached herself for doubting the tenderness of her father, pressed the hand of her husband, who was overcome with joy, and seated herself by the count in his chaise.

As soon as they had started he requested her to relate to him everything which had happened since their cruel separation. Blanche recounted to him all that has been narrated. The count appeared to listen with vivid interest, and bestowed upon her every moment new marks of tenderness, at which she was much moved.

The carriages kept so close together that Blanche heard all the time the noise of the wheels of the other, and they could each be seen, the one from the other, until the darkness of the night and the fogs, incident to that season, rendered all objects indistinguishable.

Blanche thought they changed their route.—'We are approaching Ransy,' said she, 'it seem to me that we have taken the cross-road.' 'Yes,' replied the count, coolly, and he resumed the conversation where they had left off, seeking in every manner to distract his daughter. But she who heard no longer the noise of the other carriage begged her father to stop, because she feared the postillion not knowing the road to Ransy, had not followed them the darkness preventing him from seeing where they turned off.

'They are certainly following, my daughter, but as we are on soft ground they cannot be heard.

Blanche kept silence, and not being able to hear anything, began to grow inquiet.' I assure you, father, that they do not follow.'

'That must not alarm you,' replied the count, 'for if you recollect the great road runs very near my house and they have probably gone that way, which will only make a half hour's difference in our arrivals.'

Blanche was obliged to content herself with this answer, until the two hours having expired and not being in sight of Ransy, she became extremely inquiet. 'I think that it is we who have gone astray, for it certainly cannot be so far.'

'That is possible, but what remedy have we?' replied her father with most perfect calmness.

'We can retrace our steps or send a messenger to the crossing of the road to see what has become of the other coach.'

'That has gone on and they have reached home by this time.'

'Reached home before us?'

'Well! what of that? Madame de Ranzi will receive them well, I assure you, and your husband will relate to her all that which you have told me, since we started, and Madame de Ranzi will listen with attention and pleasure.'

'But they will be anxious about us.'

'So much the more pleasure they will have at seeing us.'

Blanche, who could not account for the tranquility of her father, began to entertain strong suspicions, and if darkness had not concealed the expression of her countenance on it would have been seen painted the torments which she experienced, and, perhaps, that of the count's would have unveiled his sinister projects: but night belongs to the wicked, and the care which they take to elect it is as a witness of their deeds is a tacit proof that they cannot banish entirely from their souls the shame which they feel, and the fear lest the light of day should discover them. Blanche kept silence and abandoned to the most cruel reflections, entertained an idea of jumping out of the coach at the risk of killing herself. In a moment when she thought that her father was asleep she sought to open the door; but the count who watched her least movements, seized her arm at the moment when she was about to free herself from his tyranny. 'What are doing?' said he with a voice that made her tremble. 'Where do you wish to go?'

'My father!'

'What means this movement?'

'I am almost dead with anxiety and fear.'

'What need have you for alarm when you are with me?' 'Everything, since I must at length say so; can I believe that you would suffer, with so much calmness, your men to drive astray in this forest if they did not follow your orders? And I cannot dissimulate but that it is to separate me from my husband and my son.'

'I admire,' said the count, 'the honesty with which you judge me: such suspicions deserve alone the treatment which you dread. Ungrateful girl, for whom I have done everything, and whose happiness is my greatest solicitude.'

'Ah! my father, there is none for me except with Aolphe and my son.'

'Who spoke of separating you from them?'

'But why are they not with me?'

'Is it my fault if they have not followed the road which the postillion took?'

'But where are we going? tell me, I conjure you.'

'You will soon know.'

At length they stopped, and the gates being opened for them they rode in and they were closed behind them. Blanche, rather dead than alive, did not know what fate was prepared for her; 'you are now at a house,' said her father, 'from whence it will be impossible for you to go out, except by executing my desires.' Thus saying he was about to leave, when Blanche, throwing herself at his feet, prayed him not to cause her death by separating

her from her husband. 'Do you dare, perverse girl, to give this name to an adventurer who has abused your youth, and caused you to live in an illicit manner at which you ought to blush! but all may perhaps be repaired, since Monsieur St. Herme consents to marry you.'

'Rather die the most wretched death.'

'You shall not die: but never shall these gates be open to you unless you consent to become the bride of St. Herme,' and saying these words he got into his coach and drove off.

Blanche fell fainting into the arms of the nuns (for it was a convent) who profited by this moment to carry her into the apartment which had been previously prepared.

Meantime Adolphe had gone on without perceiving that the carriage of the count had left them; and when they stopped at the gates of the Chateau de Ranzi, he was very much surprised not to see those who, as he thought, had preceded him. After knocking at the wicket, the porter opened the gate and asked what they wanted. 'To enter,' said Adolphe. 'What is your name?' 'The Chevalier de B***, son-in-law of M. de Ranzi, who must have reached here a quarter of an hour ago with my wife.' 'Monsieur the count has not returned. He went to dine with madame the countess at Paris. They will not be back for some time.' Adolphe confounded by this information, hardly knew whether he was awake or a sad dream was sporting with his senses. He insisted upon entering the chateau. 'It is at your service,' said the porter, 'but I swear to you you will find no one in it.' 'No matter, said he, open the gates.' The porter obeyed. Adolphe interrogated the servants, but all answered the same thing. He wished to set out immediately for Paris; but as Zilia and the children needed rest, he determined to wait until next day. At day-break he set out for the capital; but he sought in vain for M. and Madame de Ranzi. At length, having no hope of finding them here and having but a few louis remaining, he saw no other way than to set out for Poitiers, where he hoped to find in the wisdom of his father advice and assistance. Before leaving Paris, however, he went to the minister of war for the purpose of discovering in what regiment his elder brother was, and had the misfortune to learn that he died six months before by a fall from his horse. Everything appeared to have conspired against him. He inquired also of the convent of the Mathurins, what had become of father Hilaire, who had married him in Africa. They informed him that he had obtained a priory near Forcalquier in Provence, where he had been for a year. When he arrived at Poitiers no one knew him, and he told no one who he was, not wishing that his mother should learn his return from any but himself. But just as he was setting out to go to the old chateau, he perceived one of the old domestics whose features he remembered perfectly well, and he could not help asking him news of M. and Madame de B**. 'Ah, sir!' replied Jaques, it is more than seven years since we lost them both.' 'Heavens!' cried Adolphe, 'will you never cease to persecute the unhappy Adolphe?' 'Adolphe!' said Jaques, 'what! Are you the Chevalier de B**. Yes, these were the features of Madam de B**. My dear master where have you been so long?' Adolphe plunged into profound grief, hardly heard what Jaques said; and the old man taking his hands covered them with tears. 'Come, come, Monsieur Adolphe, I will tell you the misfortunes of your family. I am not rich but I can still offer you a shelter.' What has become of my family, my sisters? For, alas! I know the fate of my Brother.' 'They are well,' said Jaques. 'Where are they?' 'At Fonterrault, where the eldest, you know was a nun before your departure, and the younger has lately entered the convent, never expecting to see you again. But come, I live at a quarter of a league from the city on a little farm.' Adolphe, in the grief that overwhelmed him, found himself

much comforted in meeting with Jacques, and they went together to the little cottage. Jacques was filled with joy in embracing the little Louis, and Mathurine who had nursed Adolphe in his infancy knew well how to caress him and his children. On the road, Adolphe related to Jacques all the principal events of his life, and learned from him, that the abbe was no more, and that there remained little or nothing of his father's property, leaving only about six hundred livres rent for Emily and Adolphe, which decided the former to enter a convent, though she little desired to do so. 'At least,' said Adolphe, 'I shall be in time to prevent her from making so great a sacrifice. To whom does the old manor belong?' 'To a young man who wishes to sell it.' 'What does he ask for it?' 'About fifteen thousand livres, he told me.' 'Ah, well!' said Adolphe, 'I am still able to buy it of him. Let us not lose a moment.' In the evening he went to a notary and was put in possession of the manor, at which the children were much delighted.

This arrangement made, Adolphe set out for Fonterraut. As soon as he arrived at the convent he asked to speak with Madame de B**. At first she did not recognize her brother, but Adolphe having drawn from his bosom the portrait of his mother and the letter of his father, she immediately remembered him, whom she thought dead long ago, and ran to seek Emily and to tell the whole house that her brother had returned. All was excitement in the convent. The nuns came in crowds to the grating, and all speaking at once, poor Adolphe hardly knew which to answer. Emily well remembered that she had a brother whom she had tenderly loved, but she could not recollect his countenance, especially as there was a great difference between a child of a dozen years and a man of twenty-nine, but Madame de B** having assured her that he was her brother, she loaded him with a thousand caresses.

'I fear,' said Adolphe, at length, 'you have taken this dress only to avoid poverty.' 'Alas! it is too true,' said Emily. 'Ah, well! my dear girl, I will insist on your putting it off. If I am never to see my dear Blanche again, I have need of you to take care of my son.' Emily who could wish nothing better, agreed immediately. Madame de B. promised her brother to tell him everything that could be interesting to him, and gave up to him Emily, whom he conducted to the house of the good Jacques, whence he set out on horse-back alone, two days after, for Folcalquier.

But let us turn to the unfortunate woman whom we left shut up in the convent of — about five leagues from the priory of father Hilaire.

The instant when Blanche recovered her senses she saw herself surrounded by twenty women clothed in black, who examined her with searching curiosity. One of them held out a breviary, another sprinkled her with holy water; two wax candles and a crucifix were placed on a table near her bed, with a white cross worked upon it. These sad emblems made her think for a moment that she was dead.

'Where am I?' said she, in a trembling voice.

'In a holy house, where, since the Lord has restored you to life, you will have time to repent of your sins.'

'Why am I here? I am married, legitimately married to a man worthy of me in every respect.' The nuns were astonished at the calmness which Blanche displayed. Madame de Ranzi, whilst her husband had gone forward to meet his daughter, with the design of leading her into a cruel snare, had come to the abbey to make sure that they received her daughter, whom she painted in the most abominable colors, saying that within eight days she would obtain a *lettre-de-cachet*, by which she should be shut up in the convent until she consented to marry Saint-Hermé.

Blanche, left alone, got up, and asked to speak with the Abbess. Now

withstanding her impression respecting her, she received her prisoner with politeness and confidence.

Then Madame de B** related all that had happened, since she had been taken from the coast of Provence. In her story she happened to mention the name of Father Hilaire.

'Sister, beware, lest all you have spoken be proved absolutely false. I will send for him. If your statements prove true it will be useful to you.'

Blanche could not conceive what the Abbess meant. As soon as father Hilaire entered, Blanche threw herself into his arms. 'Ah Heaven!' said she, 'how happy I am in seeing you again!'

'What fortune has thrown us together once. How is M. de B.?'

'Was it you then,' said the Abbess, 'who married this lady to M. de B.?'

'It was, madame.' 'Protect her then against the injustice of her parents who wish her to espouse Saint-Herme.' 'They cannot do it. Her marriage is perfectly valid.'

Father Hilaire immediately took effectual measures to prevent this unholy alliance, and to bring Adolphe to the convent. Nothing could be compared to the joy he felt when he learned that Blanche was in safety.

Soon after Saint-Herme arrived at the convent, and having found that his plans were frustrated did not appear there again.

The Abbess delivered Blanche into the hands of her husband, wishing her every happiness.

Arrived at the house of the good Jacques, Blanche found herself happy in being united to her family. Emily was enchanted with her. If fear for the future had not made them sometimes anxious, they would have been completely happy. But they could not conceal from themselves, that if Monsieur and Madame de Ranzi did not bestow a dowry on their daughter, they would possess nothing under the sun except their little manor.

Many months had now elapsed, without having any news when one day they saw their friend Vandeman entering the court-yard.

'I do not bring you, said he; so good news as I could wish, but we have gained something, and we have not done it without difficulty Monsieur and Mad. de Ranzi sanction your marriage, and settle on you a thousand crowns.'

This change of fortune procured for them many things of which they were before deprived. They occupied themselves with the education of Louis whom they sent to college. As to Effe he remained on the farm, which one day Adolphe determined to bestow on him. A secret charm attached Vanderman to France; he had been much affected by Emily's charms and her modest virtue rendered her every day more dear to him. Not being able any longer to repress his sentiments, he determined to speak to her about them. Emily, who could not regard him with indifference, neither rejected nor encouraged him.

'I esteem you sir, much; but I am so poor that I am sure your parents would oppose our union, and I am so proud that a refusal would kill me.'

Vandeman saw that he could hope nothing without the consent of his parents, and he determined to write to them. He received a very favorable answer. The only condition was, that Emily should consent to reside in Holland with her husband. She consented, and Adolphe led them to the altar.

The separation between the sisters was very affecting. They promised to meet at Paris every year, in order to enjoy the pleasures this city offers to the rich. Blanche knew no other pleasure than that of constituting the happiness of Adolphe. She watched carefully over the education of her child and the little Kimonien, whom she had adopted. Her interesting conduct, however effected no change in the sentiments of her parents.

At length Saint-Herme married a niece of Madame de Ranzi, who persuaded her husband to bestow on him a large part of his property. Saint-

Hérme, far from being grateful for their kindness, soon laid open to them his villainous character, and left them to regret that they had disowned Blanche for his sake. For a long time, however, self-love prevented them from listening to the intercessions of Father Hilaire. But a suit that Saint-Hérme set on foot to get away their property, while they were yet alive, caused them such violent grief that they fell sick. Father Hilaire, who had just before received a letter from Blanche to her mother, went to Ranzi, and having learned that the countess was sick at Marseilles, he set out for that city.

He found both the count and countess so sick that their lives were considered in danger. He thought this time favorable to recall them to proper feelings towards their daughter and putting the letter before them, said.

'Shall this letter also be unanswered? Do you not fear that He, who has made forgiveness of injuries the first of his commandments, will demand of you an account of your obstinacy towards your daughter.'

'Aias! holy father, if we had listened to you before, we should not have been reduced to our present grief. Our love to Saint-Hérme has been repayed by the blackest ingratitude. What obligation shall we confer on our children, by calling them to us, when a base man has squandered nearly all our property?'

'It is not interest, which induces them. All they desire is to return to your affection.'

'Do you think, said the count, they can ever pardon our injustice towards them.' 'They would be too happy in regaining your favor.' 'Ah well, then, father write to them to return.' 'If you would add a word to my letter, it would have more weight than any thing I can say.' 'I will do all you wish, for I feel that it would be cruel to die without being reconciled to them.' 'You shall not die, Madame, and you shall enjoy the pleasure of being surrounded by your children.' 'But I imagine, they may not be in a state to perform the journey; here are two hundred louis, which you had better give them at Poitiers.'

Father Hilaire found readily, a bill of exchange on that city, and enclosed it in a letter, in which he earnestly pressed the immediate departure of his friends for M. and Madame de Ranzi were in an almost desperate condition. Blanche, her husband, and her son lost no time, and arrived while the old man was yet alive. He gave his hand to them and signified all his regret for having so cruelly abused them. Blanche assured him, that she remembered only his present kindness; she presented to him her husband and son, he blessed them; and immediately fell back on the bed and breathed his last. Madame de Ranzi survived a short time, and ever to the last moment of her life she testified to her daughter, how sincerely she repented for having delayed her favor until so late.

Adolphe and Blanche, though they received but a small part of what would have been theirs but for the villany of Saint-Hérme were yet rich.--- They sold the property they had in Provence, and bought extensive land in Poitou, near the old manor, which he gave to Effeï. They kept with them the good Andre, and forgot, in a peaceful old age, the evil they had suffered in their youth.

Every three years, they went to Paris, where M. and Madame Vandeman met them, and they passed together four or five months. Louis entered the army, where he served with distinction. Jaques and his family were established at the chateau. Zaor and Zilia lived with their master, without a wish to return to their country. Adolphe caused a cenotaph to be erected in memory of Effeï Amette, and preserved, till his latest moments the remembrance of the most tender friend, who had ever existed.

THE END.



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